KASHMIRI LYRICS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED

By J. L. KAUL

FOREWORD

By **Dr. Amaranatha Jha**, M. A., D. Lit.

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To
Lal Dĕd,
Haba Khotūn,
Arnimal, and
numerous other Kashmiri
poets, singers, and lovers of song.

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PREFACE

In 1930-31 I went again to the University of Allahabad for a sort of a voluntary refresher course. Professer S. G. Dunn (now retired) was still the Head of the English Department and Professors Amaranatha Jha and S. C. Deb were there too. I selected a subject for my thesis in Ph. D. *viz.*, *Bourgeois Element in British Drama*; and with the help and guidance I received from these eminent teachers I could, from the outset, proceed on the right track, without any loss of time inevitable, otherwise, in a large library on a subject of English Literature. Soon, however, I came to realize that there was not sufficient material to work at the thesis; and the libraries of the Universities of Lucknow and Benares and the Imperial Library of Calcutta could afford little help. After the spurt of hard work I had put in with the gusto of young ambition I felt disappointed.

It was at this moment that Professors Dunn and Jha suggested to me that, even in preference to a Ph. D. thesis, I might do a bit of useful work on a subject connected with my own native province and discover something of value. Sometime after Professor Devendra Satyarthi came to Kashmir on his folk-lore hunt and said to me, "Why don't

you take up this work here?" This casual remark confirmed me in the choice of the subject.

I am grateful to Dr. Amaranatha Jha, D. Lit., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Allahabad, for writing the foreword; and I am happy that I have received this recognition from the Vice-Chancellor of my *Alma Mater* for having, in a very humble measure, tried to give back something for what I received from her years ago.

Thanks and acknowledgements are also due to the following: To Dr. Siddeshwar Varma, D. Lit., our eminent linguist and phonetician, who approved the diacritical marks used in the Roman transliteration of the original Kashmiri; to Mr. N. L. Kitroo, Mr P. N. Pushp, Mr S. L. Dar, Mr G. Mohy-id -Din, who made valuable suggestions; to Pandit Sat Lal Kaul, who introduced me to several of these poems; to Mr G. A. Mahjur, Mr A. A. Azad, Mirza G. H. Beg, Mr N. L. Ambardar, Pandit Daya Ram Gonju, Pandit Zinda Kaul, and Messrs Ali Mohd. and Sons, Publishers and Booksellers, for permission to print their poems.

J. L. K.

FOREWORD

More than thirty years ago my teacher and my predecessor in the professorial chair at the Allahabad University, Professor Dunn, wrote a paper which made a deep impression on me. He described a tour in the Sind Valley and referred to the bearded coolies, tall muscular men, with dark eyes and close-set eyebrows, prominent cheek bones and broad foreheads, divided from the rest of the world by a circle of snow mountains, preserving, untouched by modernity, the traditions and the sympathies of their Dard ancestors. He wrote:

"On this occasion, the labours we had shared together, or to put the case more materially, the distribution of some tea and cigarettes, opened their hearts, and soon we had them singing the old songs of their secluded valley, the songs of the long winter when no work can be done, and the songs of the march which make the load seem lighter. There is a peculiar fascination in all such singing; we seem to come nearer, as we listen, to the simple things of earth; the artificial needs and desires, which modern life presses upon us, lose their hold upon our minds, and the rugged voices underneath the stars awaken in us echoes of our primitive home, and touch us with the sense of fellowship throughout the ages........I kept them singing far into the cold night, till the fire had died down and the wind from the glaciers sent us to the shelter of tent

and bed. I wish I could reproduce the strange cadence of their voices, as one after another took up the refrain; I wish I could recreate the mood in which one listened; but since these things are impossible, I will try to give, imperfectly as it must be, the substance and the spirit of some of their songs".

He then went on to render into English four songs, entitled "The Song of the Coolies", "The Song of the Bulbul", "The Dreamer", and "The Lover". Each of them has a distinctive flavour and each tells not merely of familiar matter of today, but of eternal verities glimpsed through rugged experience of life. Each enshrines the heart's longing both for things of this earthly abode and of the life hereafter. This is "The Song of the Coolies":

O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

The wind of the dawn blows cold, and the stars are yet in the sky. But the journey before us is long, and the loads are heavy.
O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

Come, let us sing as we go, for the birds are singing too. They also have their time for travel. When we have made our stage we will light a fire of sticks, and then we shall have joy of our food. Our journeying will be over for the day. Oh! that will be pleasant! But, men and birds—we must all be moving.
O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

For our life on this earth is just coming and going. We cannot stay anywhere for long. Even Rajahs are just like us, coming and going. We have a long march to make, and now we must be off. It is no good staying at home. A man's home is his heart, but he who goeth out of his own heart, may, perchance, find God upon his journey.
O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

  

These songs, even in translation, made a great impression. Anonymous singers singing poems composed by anonymous poets, melody soaring to the eternal moonlit snow and flooding the wooded valley; and one wished to have a larger collection of these old and antique strains which knit mankind into one.

Some years later, Grierson and Barnett published an edition of "*Lallavakyani*, the Wise Sayings of Lal Ded, a mystic poetess of ancient Kashmir". This was followed, four years later, in 1924, by "The Word of Lalla the Prophetess," done into English verse by Sir Richard Temple. This is a valuable publication, containing, as it does, an elaborate discussion of the theory and doctrine of Lalla's religion. These sayings are popular, but they have in them the wisdom and the philosophy enshrined in the popular poems of Kabir and Chandidas and Tukaram. Here is a poem which expresses the view that duty should be done because it is duty

and not for the sake of the fruits thereof :

"Whatsoever thing I do of toil,
Burdens of completion on me lie ;
Yet into another falls the spoil
And gains he the fruit thereof, not I.
Yet if I toil with no thought of self,
All my words before the Self I lay :
Setting faith and duty before pelf,
Well for me shall be the onward way."

These publications further promised a rich store of poetry and gnomic literature. When, therefore, a senior scholar from Kashmir came to Allahabad for advanced work and was not able, for want of material, to proceed with research on the subject he had chosen, it seemed an admirable opportunity to suggest to him that his genuine devotion to literature and his understanding and appreciation of its finer graces should be diverted to a field which had not been explored and which only a native of Kashmir could satisfactorily investigate. Principal Jai Lal Kaul agreed to do this, and he has, in spite of hard academic and administrative duties, produced this valuable collection of Kashmiri lyrics. One surprising feature of these songs is their lyric quality which is revealed even in the texture of prose translations. Most of them deal with human emotions and, as is natural in a lyric, are intensely subjective. A poem depends for its appeal so much on the flavour

and association of words and the mood that they evoke that it is bound to suffer when rendered into another language. Despite this, Mr Kaul's translation does succeed in reproducing the spirit, the soul of the original. Dryden said: "All translation may be reduced to these three heads—*metaphrase*, or turning an author word by word and line by line, from one language into another...*paraphrase*, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered ....*imitation*, where the translator assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and taking only some general hints from the original, to run division on the ground work, as he pleases." Mr Kaul's rendering belongs to Dryden's second category.

★ ★ ★

In his very interesting Introduction, Mr Kaul divides the history of the Kashmir lyric into four periods: the first in which flourished Lal Ded and Sheikh Nur-ud-din; the second, covering the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in which Haba Khatun and Arnimal are the prominent names; the

third with which are associated Mahmud Gami and Parmanand and Prakash Ram; and the fourth, the contemporary period, dominated by Mahjur and Zinda Kaul. I have no knowledge of Kashmiri, but I have found in most of the lyrics printed here a large number of Sanskrit words, either in their pure form or as modified by popular usage. Thus we have such words as

> apavitra, snán, akriya, chor, sádhu, rájhansa, áshá, maitrí, shatru, násha, káma, krodha, lobha, chandramá, tárá, amrita, vanavás, yuvá, más, sahasrayuga, tyág, rág, yogábhyás, dhyán, upavás, sankalpa, harshá, mahámantra, vaikuntha, máyátita, nirmal, nád, vád, dyaus, prabhát, kálagrás, pushpa, muktá, rásamandali, tan, man, phal, sheesh, kesha, málá, yauvan, darshan, kokil, sundari.

These are used by Hindu as well as Muslim poets. Similarly there is a large number of Persian words. The various languages that have influenced Kashmiri culture are well represented in these songs. That is inevitable when persons sing spontaneously; the words that are familiar to them in daily life occur naturally to them and these are used rather than "ink-horn terms."

For over five centuries the lyric has flourshed in Kashmir, touching life at many points, describing trivial happenings of every day, depicting scenes from nature, delineating

human feelings, the life of toil, of suffering, of hunger, of passion, never forgetting quite and ever retaining in the background the spiritual heritage of the land. The greenwood tree, winter and rough weather, the sweet breath of spring, the ravages of time, Death's purple altar, the many voices of nature, the shadow of the night,

> "The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty, and the majesty
> That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain
> Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring
> Or chasms or watery depths'—

all these and strains of music from elfland—we find in these lyrics; and we thank Mr Kaul for a repast which can now be enjoyed by those who do not know the language of Kashmir.

Amaranatha Jha

September, 1945.

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INTRODUCTION

I

I call these short poems lyrics because they are lyrics, literally. They are sung to the accompaniment of

"sitar, sarangi, and drum,"

and "sāz," "santūr" and "tumbakhnār"—musical instruments which we in Kashmir have made peculiarly our own. It is as songs sung by musicians and lovers of music that most of them, of unknown authorship, have been recorded, interspersed among Persian songs and *gazals*, in the old manuscripts of "*mausiqis*" or books of music, with appropriate directions of "rāg" and "tāl" and "muqām."

II

In oral transmission these songs have assumed different versions from locality to locality and texts have become corrupt. Manuscripts have fared no better. What happens is something as follows: *A* is a lover of song and music and hires the services of a calligraphist to make a copy for him in Persian script which, without additional diacritical marks is very incomplete and misleading for a language abounding in vowel

sounds. Sometime after, *B* wants a copy and engages a copyist who, while transcribing from *A's* copy, drops many dots and lines and does not care to understand the text. Copying is copying, no more. Then sometime after, *C* gets the copy of *B* and many more mistakes of text are made, and so on from *C* to *D* and *D* to *E*, mistakes increasing with every copy, till one comes by a very corrupt text which is the tenth or perhaps the twentieth copy of the original. Then one has to trace backwards, a hundred or two hundred years; but the earliest copies are extinct or disfigured by time. Patience and curiosity, however, can help; and I have had my moments of joy when in 'vacant moods' I have hit upon, as in a flash, what the original word or phrase must have been. This is adopted after being put to all the relevant tests of rhyme and metre, sound and sense, and the general sweep and impression of the manuscript calligraphy. Such a word or phrase has not unoften illumined a whole song. Number 98, for instance, where the manuscripts and oral tradition agreed on a somewhat meaningless phrase in the second line (within quotation marks here).

Yas gav masvali "gŏnde havā̆."

which is corrected as

Yas gav masvali "gȯnduṭ hȧvȧy."

This has been a labour of love for several years; and I can claim to have so tuned myself to these songs, their music, mood and meaning, that I can exercise the right and responsibility of an anthologist. For it cannot be quite a "dilettante business" for the first anthologist of a language which has a living tradition of song from the fourteenth century to the present day. I cannot, however, say that I have omitted nothing of value, that no 'gems' may be discovered which are not here. For a first anthologist this would be a tall claim. What I claim is this: here is a collection, a golden treasury (if you will) of Kashmiri lyrics which may not be found to include anything that has not a poetic feeling, sentiment or mood or beauty of word and phrase.

Out of the various readings or versions I have selected the more poetical, not the more popular one; but where the claims of a variant have been impressive, I have given it in the footnotes. I have also exercised the anthologist's right of excision, for some of the poems improve by excision of weak verses and superfluous stanzas. The unit of translation has been, with a few exceptions, the line, not the stanza; and I have not attempted translation into verse though I suspect myself of having caught at places the rhythm of the original when it could,

more or less, be rendered into English. I have, with a few exceptions, kept quite close to the original: I have translated literally but, I hope, fairly intelligibly, and the foot-notes indicate where I have departed from the literal meaning. For effect I have some-times literally translated the original idiom or conceit *e. g.*, 'love *melted* me, 'water thee with milk', 'burns of love.' For me, however, the original is the thing, not the translation.

III

My love for the Kashmiri lyric has been (I hope) genuine and intimate. It has sent me wandering up and down and across the valley on many "lyrical" hunts and enjoyable "lyrical" missions, for some of these songs live in the country. But they are not only cowboy songs. Nor are they domestic folk poetry comprising marriage songs and funeral songs or "Lytierses" or harvest songs, the stuff of which folk songs, as such, are made. We have all these in Kashmiri as well as nonsense nursery rhymes or singing-games like

astam bāre ṭhe-re ṭhĕvn...

Or ȯkusbȯkus tilạwān çȯkus...

Or zūn māj zūnī aṅgan maṅgan...

Nor are they what may be called folk-ballads expressing the Kashmiri's satiric humour; for he can laugh at his own discomfiture;

buji aki dȯp yi kyā didI gom
kasābay osum su kȯt didI gom
su ha didI nyūnay gurạ āban
zor kȯr vĕshive sạhlāban

Said an old granny in a wild flurry,
"Oh, woe is me! Oh, woe is me!
O where's my headgear?"
"O granny dear, O granny dear,
The yellow flood has carried it off."
The Vishav has overflown her banks.

IV

I have loved these songs for their music, for their melody. For the Kashmiri lyric is a thing of music, a very melodious music, with its musical rhymes and ever-recurring refrains, its alliterations and assonances, that come most spontaneously as the very stuff of our language, which has about as many vowels as consonants. We have no sonant aspirates, and gutterals and harsh consonants are rare. The cleverest Kashmiri verse-maker could not make a line as harsh as this, deli-berately and for effect, with only Kashmiri words:

"Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked
smoke stack."

Rhymes and refrains help to enshrine these songs in the memory which are memor-able for another reason also. For many years these songs have relieved the tedium of the

life of our women who, mostly unlettered, find in them a sincere echo of their emotion. They give

"——a very echo to the seat
where love is throned."

Like the songs in *braja* tradition it is generally the woman who is the lover and utters her love. Besides, many of these lyrics are unmistakably the work of women poetesses, Lal Děd, the mystic, Arnimāl (the wife of the famous author of "Bahari Tavīl"), Haba Khātūn of song and story, and (Mrs) Jum of Navhatta. They have also enlivened the sweated labour employed by "Kārkhānadārs". and the artistic toiling of the deft craftsmen of Kashmir.

"Mark it [the song] Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love"

And the embroiderers, the *pashmina* and *gabba* makers, wood-carvers and papier-machie makers, and the country lads and country lasses do use to chant it. Muslim maids are free in Kashmir as they are perhaps now here in the north-west of India. Says Mahjur:

"Singing thou roamest the uplands above
And fairies thee applaud;
Like the *didar* lark thou singest.

"Can *Khoja* women match thee?
Thou dost roam free amid flowers.
Khoja women lie confined indoors,
O country lass, O sweet, O dear!" (No. 121)

These lyrics become memorable to us for we can relate them to actual experience and to places. I have such numerous song-and-place associations and memories. They can re-create for us, in whatever measure, the poet's own background of his experience as no other poetry can do. Persian poetry never did this except, in a second-hand manner, for a few of the upper classes. Urdu has not, at least as yet, taken the place occupied by Persian (say) fifty years ago; and it cannot be expected to do much more than what Persian did with its court prestige nnd intrinsic poetic appeal for thc educated few. Meanwhile the educated Kashmiri must go without the intimate revelations of the poetry native to him, which alone could vibrate the string of his heart with the incantation of its verse, and he must wean himself away from the intimate sympathy which it alone could quicken within him and bind him with the life around. A poor life this!

V.

The melody and the rhythm of a poetry make for the "capital difficulty" of translation, perhaps a little more so for Kashmiri poetry. Of late the rhythms of Kashmiri songs have by imitation of the Persian prosody (the only prosody the Kashmiri song writer knows) become very correct but very inflexible, a strait-laced pattern of quantitative metre, notably in the present day *gazals*. In the older songs of Lal Dĕd and some others we discern a looseness and a flexibility which does not fit in quite within the precise Persian or *doha* quantitative metres. Sir George Grierson was right in discerning a tendency towards stress being substituted for quantity in the Kashmiri song. It is the stress accent that saves it from monotony, helps the metre to express the subtle rhythms of lyric moods, and accommodates turns, exquisitely musical, which, while the songs are being sung, often occur to the musician or the singer.

We feel a certain peculiar ease in weaving rhymes and rhythms. There is indeed a "nursery rhyme thrill", a certain Hickery-Dickery-Dock pattern of rhythm, which anyone can hear (as Aldous Huxley[1] heard it) any time of day, in the streets of Kashmir with which a group of coolies enliven the heavy loads they carry collectively. Several Englishmen have told me that they can catch and

1. Jesting Pilate.

appreciate the lilt of a Kashmiri song (say), a boatman's chanty, more easily than they can do elsewhere in India. Here is what Mary Hallowes[1] caught of the tune of a chanty sung by boatmen punting up their cargo boats "khŏcū" in the Jhelum.

"Swift the current, dark the night,
(Yā—illā, lā—illā)
Stars above our guide and light
(Krāliār, bāliār !) . . .
All together on the rope,
(Ya Pīr—Dust Gīr)
In our sinews lies our hope
Khāliko, Mālik—ko ! . . ."

This is not all. When Id is approaching and Ramadan is about to end in the city or the villages; or, in the villages, at the time of harvest or a local festival on an evening when the moon is up on high and "the heavens are bare", the country lasses and the middle-aged dames will come out and divide themselves into groups, and the groups will fall into rows, and the rows will be interlocked in a kind of friends' shoulder or waist lock, which is made by arms outstretched over the shoulders or round the waists of their fellows on either hand till they form a soild interwoven file. Another row is formed likewise at the distance of

1. In the Illustrated Weekly of India.

a few paces, facing the former. Then that swing-like movement of the whole file begins, keeping time to the dance time of a Kashmiri "Rov." Which is like this :

First row advancing and the second row receding,
Come, O fairies, let us dance, let us dance,
Second row advancing and the first row receding.
Sheltered from light while the peaks are aglow with rosy dawn, with rosy dawn.
(No. 40)

And so on till the moon declines in the west and the peaks are aglow with the rosy dawn.

VI

What survives of the Kashmiri lyric when its musical associations and vibrations of rhythm are lost in the process of translation? It loses the very stamp of poet's experience, its individuality, its unique mood and moment, which integrate music, rhythm and meaning of a poem. If it is a lyric, the very stuff of its experience, its substance or content, may suffer equally with the form. A lyric is a musical utterance of a mood or an emotion and the music cannot be separated from the mood; and the Kashmiri lyric, with a few exceptions, is not an "intellectual" lyric. But something may yet survive in these translations of mine, indicating this content and mood which, if I were to put it in a

word, I would call *lol* (to rhyme with *bole*) a Kashmiri word signifying an untranslatable complex of love, longing and a tugging at the heart, "a longingness—'poor mortal longingness' in Walter de La Mare's phrase." This longing may be for God for many Kashmiri lyrics[1] enshrine a striving and a hunger for God in many moods.

Searching and seeking Him I, Lalla, wearied myself .... (No. 8)

Whoever realizes his own true Self ...
(No. 19)

I abandoned myself completely to love....
(No. 25)

The sense of fate :

I spread bird-lime, I wandered far ... (No. 18)

The striking imagery and epigrammatic terseness :

How can the kite hunt like the sparrow hawk? (No. 16)

The edifying and exultant moods :

Since I tried to know the secret of man's being . . . (No 16)

The Indian religious lyrics, unlike the Hebrew psalms, breathe a spirit of charity for all. There is no vengeance against one's foe.

Sow Thou the seeds of frienship for me
And yet slay not even my enemies! (No. 15)

1. See Poems in Part I.

nor even against one's inconstant Love,
Yet did I say : 'Long mayest thou live!"
(No. 96)
Yet long may he live and give joy to them,
(No. 97)

Or, the Rās-Līlā lyrics, stressing inward experience rather than outward formalism and preferring *bhoga* to *tyaga*, in true Kashmiri Trika Saivite tradition.

Rās is where love's expanse broadens into
an ocean :
Rās is equipoise 'mid sour and sweet
(No. 33)
Our dance is devotion, yoga, and jnāna,
Our dance is a samādhi in 'wakeful activity.'
(No. 32)
Why shall we renounce the world?
(No. 31)
In the mansion of the body.
See, a dance is going on,
With all its nine windows open.
Make a ring, make a ring. (No. 30)

VII

Then the longing for Love in all its moods[1]: The spring is come, flowers are in bloom, and the *kukil* and *tiriv* are here—but "where are you?"

Flowers have blossomed in all their hues,
Love, where are you ? (No. 35).

1. See poems in Part II.

See the *Kaav*, the *kukil*, and the *poshinool*
(No. 36)

The expectation and the elation of Love's visit :

At Ishabar I am filling goblets of wine,
(No. 38)

Then the long long, waiting till the days drag; but he does not come and the yearning deepens and so deepens the anguish of seperation.

The distant meadows are in bloom,
Hast thou not heard my plaint ? (No. 44)
Think of *lodar* flowers' bloom along the
rivulet banks— (No. 47)
My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine.
I long for thee. (No, 54).
Did you not see him
Who still smites me with love ? (No. 70)

Then comes the questioning and doubting of Love's fidelity. Indeed he is "sporting strangers 'mong ", and the rivals mock at her. Even her endurance has a limit, and she begins to fling accusations at him, the Reckless, the Inconstant, the Visitor of a Hundred Homes, the Luxury mad, the Voluptuary.

Over passes high I carried him wine,
But he is roaming 'mid sylvan glades.
O why does he dwell in the distant glades?
O where is he drunk with my rivals'
wine ? (No. 73)

Hardly had I, a budding hourie, bathed me in sandal-oil,
When he, My Love, did flee away from me, O friend...(No. 107)

He is faithless and a vow-breaker :
Friend, to his vows no credit give....
(No. 115)

Now they become copper, now they become bronze...(No. 116)
On the wayside, at dusk, he left me forlorn, (No. 117)

VIII.

There are other moods, other nuances of these moods; but their tone is usually the same: plaintive, wistful, melancholic. It is rarely that, apart from the Rās-Līlā lyric, we find a whole-hearted abandon to joy, sensuous or supernal. Why should most of our songs lack gaiety and rapture ?

"... Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Is it that we have, till recently, lacked any noble aspiration, any large-hearted hope for many centuries past ? But while these songs express our helplessness and resignation to fate, they do also express our pious fortitude and our popular philosophy of life and faith in God.

These lyrics have few allusions and fewer ornaments and figures of speech. There are references to Shirin and Farhad, La'ila and Majnun, Shekh Sana and Mansur, from Persian but usually we draw on our own legend and lore and speak of Bombur and Lolare, Himāl and Nāgīrāy (lovers famous in legend) or myna and golden oriole and turtle-dove (birds), or narcissus, daffodil, hyacinth and colchicum (flowers) and the like. They have directness, simplicity, sometimes naivete, and a tender poignancy of feeling.

Don't be cross, O Myna dear,
It's love has smitten me. (No. 65)
This world is new, for ever and ever new,
O lovely maid, weave thy youth into a wreath of dance (No. 64)
Say, without thee, how shall I fill my days ? (No. 80)
Across meadows and down hillsides...
(No. 48)

Persian has had a dominating influence on Kashmiri, and being a sweet language, its words and phrases have been assimilated easily. What one may take exception to is not the borrowing of words and phrases which have enriched our language, but the use of anaemic and worn-out imagery and insincere hyperbole of the decadent Persian poetry. On rare occasions, however, the

Kashmiri poet can strike a genuine spark from the mint of persian conceit:

Thy tresses are a hyacinth, (No. 68)
In the garden of love the wounds of my
heart are the flowers,
And my sighs are the cypress. (No. 93).

IX

This seems to be the "poetically effective order." Other arrangements there could well be. This, for instance: lyrics directly addressed to Love (first person); lyrics addressed to one's friend and companion, pleading for her intercession (second person); and lyrics expressing one's love for the beloved without such intercession (third person).

Or, chronologically: The famous Lal Dĕd, a mystic poetess of the fourteenth century continues the tradition of our indigenous philosophy, Kashmir Monistic Saivism or the Trika School, in an energy of idiom and terse imagery rarely equalled in our language. Her contemporary, much younger in age, Shekh Nur-ud-Din of Crar Sharif, Nund Rishi, as he is popularly known, wrote didactic poems in verses which have become current as pithy sayings and proverbs; but the genuineness of his verse in *Rishinama* or *Nurnama* cannot be vouched for with certainty.

It is in its second period during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that the Kashmiri lyric enteres upon its typical period when first Haba Khātūn and, later on, Arnimāl with several known and unknown poets sing of human love in what may be called the typical Kashmiri *Lol*-lyric which is amply represented in this anthology[1]. The love they sing of is secular; it is no longer largely mystical, spiritual or didactic as it had been in the first period from the fourteenth to nearly the seventeenth century, the age of Lal Dĕd and Nund Rishi. The *Lol*-lyric is very musical, very brief, rarely more than ten lines including the repeated refrains, abounding in rhymes and assonances, put in the mouth of a woman lover, a cry from her heart, expressing in a flexible pattern more a mood than a thought.

The nineteenth century or thereabouts ushers in the third period, the age of Mahmūd Gāmi and, a little later, of Parmānand. Persian influence is now deep on theme, idea and diction as well as on metre, rhyme, allusion and imagery. There is less directness and poignancy of feeling but more passion and sensuousness, ornateness and conceit. This is a fruitful period of Kashmiri literature both in the number of poets and

1. See Poems in Part II.

the quality of their poetry. The *Rov*-lyric, begun earlier no doubt, now comes into vogue as a literary art-form.

With Parmānand and even earlier with Prakāsh Rām, we are introduced to a new kind of lyric which I have called the Rās-Lilā lyric, distinguished by its abandon to joy, expressing devotion and religious fervour for a Personal God, notably Krishna or Siva. The universe exists: it is real and it is good. Indeed all creation is an overflowing of God's joy; it is a Lilā, a Siva's dance.

X

The fourth period[1] may be said to have begun with Mahjūr in the twenties of the present century. The present-day poets have tried some new themes, such as, Mahjūr's. *The Countrv Lass*, *Arise O Gardener* and *Our Country is a Garden*.

If thou wouldst arouse this habitat of roses,
leave toying with kettle-drums;
Let there be thunder, storm, tempest,
yea, an earthquake! (No. 119)
Our Country is a garden (No. 120)
The Hill-stream goes asinging: (No. 130)

The modern note is, however, sounded by Pandit Zinda Kaul, in a poem which might be entitled "Interrogation", a poem which shows

1. See the Poems in Part III.

the possibilities of the Kashmiri lyric, what it can achieve in a diction not divorced from the pressnt-day idiom, employing new rhyme-schemes and rhythm-patterns and haunting refrains, an expressive medium, rich in its "incantation" and beautiful imagery, bodying forth the eternal *why* and the eternal *lol*-longing of the human soul:

Is Love an idle fancy?
Is Beauty a "vain illusive show"? (No. 132)

This points the way to something beyond the "silly sooth" and the dalliance with "the innocence of love" of the earlier *Lol*-lyric.

J. L. K.

The Kashmiri Alphabet :

a. Vowels :

Short	Long
1. ȧ ȧch (an eye) 3	2. ä äs (a mouth) 3:
3. a akh (one) अ, ا [fur]	4. ā ākh (a mark) आ آ [far]
5. ạ tạr (a rag) ɘ	6. a̱ ta̱r (cold) ɘ:
7. i dil (heart) इ اِ [fill]	8. ī tīl (oil) ई, اِی [feel]
9. u kun (single) उ, اُ [pull]	10. ū kūn (a corner) ऊ, اُو [pool]
11. ĕ zĕv (tongue) [इ+अ. zest]	12. e yer (wool) ए, اے [अ+इ, bale]
13. ȯ nȯr (a sleeve) [hot]	14. o bor (a load) ओ, او [bore] अ+उ
15. ŏ dŏd (milk) ɔ [उ+अ, dual]	

16. I khäsI (cups)—a shade of *i*, at the end of a syllable preceded by a consonant.

b. Consonants :

k क ک, kh ख کھ, g [get] ग گ, ṅ [bri*ng*], ङ ں

* ç [soft] च़, ç̣h छ़, z ज़ ژ;

c च چ, ch छ چھ, j ज ج, ñ [ca*ny*on] ञ;

ṭ [hard] ट ٹ, ṭh ठ ٹھ, ḍ ड ڈ;

t [soft] त ت, th थ تھ, d [soft] द د, n न ن;

p प پ, ph फ پھ, b ब ب, m म م;

y [*y*ou] य ی, r र ر, l ल ل, v व و;

sh श ش, s स س, h ह ہ;

---

* ç çam (skin), soft c.

ç̣h ç̣hat (a draught of air), soft ch.

And it is in this associative quality in words...that half the secret of poetry is to be found if we could find it. That is why, with no exceptions that are not negligible, authentic poetry has never been written in any language but that to which the poet was born.

John Drinkwater

The volatile essence of poetry, we know, must evoparate, most of it, in another tongue, and the translator must ever ask for much to be taken on trust....

Oliver Elton

PART I

Lal Dĕd

1

Lal bȯh drāyas lolare
ḉhārān lūstum dĕn kĕho rāth
vuchum pȧndith panạni gare
suy mĕ rȯṭmas nĕchtur ta sāth

2

keṅh chiy nĕṅdạri-hȧtiy vudiy
keṅçan vudĕn nĕsar pĕyī
keṅh chiy snān kȧrith aputiy
keṅh chiy geh bȧzith ti akrayī

3

kyāh kara päṅçan dȧhaṅ ta kāhan
vŏkh-shan yith lẻji karith yim gȧy
säriy samahän yith razi lamahän
ada kyāzi rāvihe kāhan gāv

1

Longingly for love did I, Lalla, set forth,
And many a day and night I searched;
Then, lo, I saw the Pandit in my own home;
Then did I fix upon the moment
auspicious.

2

Some, though asleep, are yet awake,
While on some, who are awake, hath slumber
fallen.
Some, despite ablutions, are unclean,
While some, 'mid household cares, are
actionless.

3

Ah me! the five[1], the ten[2], and the eleven[3]
Have scraped out this pot[4] and gone away.
Should they all unite and pull upon this rope,
Why should the cow[4] of the eleven[3] go
astray?

---

1. The five *bhutas*. 2. The ten principal and secondary vital airs.
3. Five *Jnanendriyas* and five *karmendriyas* and *manas*. 4. The 'pot' and the 'cow' are the soul; the cow is owned by eleven masters, each of whom pulls it in his own direction.

4

lȧlith lȧlith vaday bo-dāy
çĕttā muhạc pĕy̤iy māy
roziy no pata loh-laṅgạrạc çhāy
nĕzạ-svarạph kyāh mȯṭhuy hāy

5

✓nābạdī-bāras aṭa-gaṇḍ ḍyȯl gom
dĕn-kār hȯl gom hĕka kahẏū
gŏrạ-suṅd vanun rāvan-tyȯl pyom
pahāli-rȯst khyȯl gom hĕka kahyū

6

āmi pana sȯdạras nāvi chas lamān
kati bozi day myon mĕ-ti diyi tār.
āmĕn ṭākĕn poñ zan shamān
zuv chum bramān gara gaçhạhȃ

4

I shall weep and weep for thee, my soul,
The illusion of the world hath befallen thee.
Not for thee will survive even the shadow of the objects thou lovest,
Which like an iron anchor tie thee to the world;
Alas! why, then, hast thou, forgot thine own true Self?

5

The sling of my candy load[1] hath become loose, and it galls my back;
My day's work hath gone awry; ah, woe is me!
My *Guru's* word hath been as painful as a blister of loss[2] to me;
My flock[3] hath lost its shepherd; ah, woe is me!

6

With an untwisted thread I am towing a boat on the ocean;
Would that my God heard my prayer and brought me safe across!
Like water in pots of unbaked clay, I waste away;
I have a longing keen: would that I were to reach my home!

1. Of worldly pleasures. 2. He has told me to renounce (lose) the pleasures I have loved. 3. I have lost one-pointedness of mind and purpose.

7

pȯt zūni vȯthith mȯt bolạnovum
dag lalạnävạm dayisạṅzi prahe
LȧlI LȧlI karān Lāla vuzạnovum
mīlith tas man shroçyom dahe

8

Lal bo lūsạs çhārān ta gārān
hal mĕ kȯrmas rasa-nishi ti
vuchun hyȯtmas täḍI diṭhI-mas baran
mĕ-ti kal ganeyi zi zogmas tȧtI

9

mal vŏndi zolum
jigar morum
tĕli Lal nāv drām
yĕli dȧlI trāvI-mas tȧtI

7

At the early dawn I got up and sang to the
mad one[1],
And soothed his pain with the love of God.
Trying to realize "*I am Lalla*[2], *I am Lalla*," I
awakened my Love,
And became one with Him; and the ten[3] were
purified.

8

Searching and seeking Him I, Lalla, wearied
myself,
And even beyond my strength I strove;
Then, looking for Him, I found His doors
closed and latched.
This deepened my longing and stiffened my
resolve;
And I would not move but stood where I was,
full of longing and love, to gaze on Him.

9

All impurities within me I burnt away,
And I did slay my heart.
I came to be known as the pious Lalla,
Only when I cleaved unto Him there:
Only when I sat, just there, waiting for His
grace.

1. My heart mad on worldly pleasures. 2. My own true Self which I realized was the same as the Supreme Self. 3. *Indriyas*.

Nuṅd Ryȯsh[1]

10

āshakh suy yus ȧshkạsạtī ḍaze
sŏn zan prazạlĕs panạnuy pān
ȧshkun nār yĕs vālinji saze
ada māli vātiy suy lāmakān

11

ȧshạkh chuy kun gȯbur māji marun
su zŏla kari ta kihay
ȧshạkh chuy ganạtulạrĕv pān barun
su sŏkha rozi ta kihay
ȧshạkh chuy ratạjāma tani pārāvun
su āh kari ta kihay

12

✓ārạbalan nāgạrādā rov
sād rov çūran maṅz
mūḍạgaran gŏrạpȧndith rov
rāzạhamsā rov kāvan maṅz

1. Shekh Nur-ud-din of Crar Sharif.

10

The lover is he who burns with love,
Whose Self doth shine like gold.
When man's heart lights up with the flame of love,
Then shall he reach the Infinite.

11

Love is death of an only son to a mother—
Can the lover have any sleep?
Love is venemous stings of a swarm of wasps—
Can the lover have any rest?
Love is a robe dripping with blood—
Can the wearer even utter a sigh?

12

The fount was lost amidst the rocks;
The saint was lost among the thieves;
In the homes of the ignorant the wise pandit was lost;
And the swan was lost among the crows.

13

Nuṅd Ryȯsh

✓vĕthạvāvas tan nȧnī su ti dȯhā Nasaro
tȯn vagạrạ ta syȧñ pȧnī su ti dȯhā Nasaro

nishi rȧnI ta vurạni khȧni su ti dȯhā Nasaro
vurạbata ta gāḍạgȧnī su ti dȯhā Nasaro

14

✓poshinūl poshivāriy gārān
mȫgul gārān huniy vās
shāj shiñālay gārān
khar gārān guh lĕd ta sās

15

Arnimāl

āshāvaṅdanhạndi āsho ve
gaṭimaṅzạ hāvtam gāsho ve
lāsan gomo rāsho ve
prārān chasạyo āsho ve
myȧtranhuṅduy byolā vȧvI-ze
shātrạn ti kȧrI-zinā nāsho ve

13

The body exposed to the cold river winds blowing,
Thin porridge and half-boiled vegetable to eat—
There was a day, O Nasaro[1]!

My spouse by my side and a warm blanket to cover us,
A sumptuous meal and fish to eat—
There was a day, O Nasaro!

14

The oriole seeks out a flower garden;
The owl seeks out a deserted spot;
The she-jackal searches dreary wastes;
The donkey searches dung and dirt.

15

O Thou Hope of the hopeful,
In mid darkness show me light.
To far-off Lhāsā he has gone for gain;
Expectant I wait: O bring him back safe to me!
Sow Thou the seed of friendship for me everywhere,
And slay not even my enemies.

---

1. His chief disciple, Nasar-ud-din.

16

shāhṇihuṅd shikār gāṅṭh kavą zāni
hāṅṭh kava zāni pȯtray dod
shamąhuk māni lȧsh kava zāni
mȧch kava zāni pāmpąrI soz
yĕli yĕs bani tĕli suy zāni
—(Lal Dĕd)

17

ti būzith yi gaçhi mashun
pashun çalī dŏn āląman

khākas nishi nerān sŏn
grāko sŏy kān parząnāvtan
kāmą krūdą lūbą nishi gaçhi nąshun
pashun çaliy dŏn āląman

18

dyūṭhum orutāh gomut hīre
nādāna yi kȧyū vīre ṭaṅg

jĕchām vāląvāshi tachām khore
jĕchām saṅgar ta vuchām koh
day nay diyi ta ḍĕka nay pūre
nādāna yi kȧyū vīre ṭaṅg
—Khwaja Habib

16

How can the kite hunt like the sparrow-hawk?
How can the barren woman feel the ardour of a mother's love?
How can the faggot burn like the candle?
How can the fly feel the martyrdom of the moth?
When man suffers, then alone he knows.

17

When thou hearest that, thou must forget this,
Thou wilt, then, have no regrets in both the worlds.

From earth comes out gold,
O Seeker, find out that mine of gold,
And abjure lust, anger and desire:
Thou wilt, then, have no regrets in both the worlds.

18

I saw a man in distress, begging.
O fool, can the willow yield thee a pear?

I spread birdlime, I wandered far,
I climbed rocky cliffs and mountains high—
(And I did all that man could do)—
If God doth not grant, if fate doth not decree,
O fool, can the willow yield thee a pear?

19

yámĪ kór sara panun pān
mas bānan ṭhān muçarävith gav

chiv lagĕs hosh nashas
mashas panạnuy pān
na su zāni hěndI vŏpath
na su musalmān

20

ámI-day sūrạmátI sáñyāsI
çūri dil ti myon vŏdāsI niv

jạṭi chas gaṅg ta haṭi shāhmāro
děki chus shūbān çaṅdramạṭār
athi chis poshikI ta amrĕtạkhāsI
çuri dil ti myon vŏdāsI niv

21

lŏli lŏli karay lŏli maṅzali
mĕ kali cāni gomo sūr

chivạruk mas cato gali gali
ākāshi lāg gulibómbūr
rav zān Shav chuyo thali thali

sŏnạsaṅz shrākh pyáyimo hali
kavạzāna kati pyom áshkạçūr
yĕli yĕs bani tĕli suy zāni

yus gaçhi Kābas su katyū pheri
damạ damạ vuchi nūrezuhūr
sāl kari Kābas lāmakānas pheri

19

Whosoever realizes his own true Self
Uncovers the vessels of wine,
Overflows with joy, is intoxicated,
And forgets his lower self:
He will not know a Hindu
From a Musalmān.

20

The ash-besmeared Sannyasi,
The Ascetic, has stolen away my heart.

Down His matted locks the Ganges flows and
the cobra entwines His neck,
His brow is illumined by the moon and the stars,
In His hands He holds cups of nectar and
flowers bell-shaped—
The Ascetic has stolen away my heart.

21

In the cradle of my lap I shall rock thee,
I am utterly consumed with longing for thee.

Drink the wine ecstatic,
Rove in mid air like wasp-bee in the sky,
See, Siva, like the sun, is everywhere.

Love's golden sword has pierced my side,
I know not where I was waylaid by Love:
When man suffers, then alone he knows.

Whoever goes to the Ka'ba will not turn back,
Every moment he will see the Vision Beatific,
And in the Ka'ba and the Boundless he will
roam.

22

yĕth samsāras vȧnI mĕ diçāmas
yāras melun gȧnīmath

zāhid rūzith gŏphi tay gāras
äbid pherān maṅz gulzāras
āshakh mushtākh panạnis yāras
yāras melun gȧnīmath

—Khwaja Habib

23

āshkan ȧshI-katạrạ dur zan harān
tarān mijgānạ mūhạnI kān
āshakh tim yim marnạbronṭh marān
lāshakh vātān lāmakān
māshokh ḍīshith gul zan phŏlān

—Khwạja Habib

24

lajiyo matyo cāni thazi kāri
lāgay kāripȧtiy posh

graṭạbal gayas graṭạ anạvāri
ḉhal gom bāli pharāmosh
ȯḍ khĕv graṭan ta ȯḍ graṭạkhāri

ȧshkạsag lajām lola tŏlạvāri
phiryām poshi camạnan sag
āb gom jārī osh mā māri

—Kalandar Shah

22

I did carefully survey the world:
It is a blessing to find one's love—

The hermit dwells in his cave,
The devotee roves amidst flowers,
The lover yearns for his beloved.
What a joy to search and find one's love!

23

Pierced by the darts from their beloveds' eye-lashes,
Lovers shed tears like pearl.
True lovers die before their death;
And men of faith come to the Infinite;
Seeing their beloved, like flowers they bloom.

24

I adore thy graceful neck and stately,
And with larkspur adorn thee, Love.

I went to the corn-mill to take my turn
But I missed the device—ah, foolish me!
I lost some grist in the mill-wheel and some in the corn-basket.

I filled buckets of desire with the water of love,
And watered the flower-plots;
But the water overflowed: will the Lord of the Garden chastise me?

25

ȧshkạni mädāna trāvyām hay
hay tavay ṭoṭhyom pānay day

yȧmi dȧrI-yāva ȧsI pạdā gay
layi roz tamikuy may āpạray
"vaja'lnā minalmā'i kul shayin hay"

keṅçav pyāla cay payāpay
keṅçan cavān sapạduy tay[1]
keṅh gay tāri[2] ta keṅcan chu say.
—Khwaja Hâbib

26

bar-buka āyĕs sŏrgạc hūr
mohĕm dūr hā madạno

gāphila pāno käphila dūr
suy gom kȯsūr hā madạno
zarạnata karạkyā malạnā sūr

sārivạy çhaṅjāv käṅsino pūr
kuniras tahạndis aṅd lȯb no
yus gav manạ kinI tȧmI lȯb nūr

1 and 2 Var. Kay, mokalith. The meaning changes to—
Some could not tolerate their drink; Some have reached the goal while some are on their way.

25

I abandoned myself completely to love[1];
And God is pleased with me.

Be steadfast in love and I will give thee
A taste of wine which fills the River of Life
That brought us hither;
From whose water God hath made every living thing[2].

Some drank cup after cup unceasingly;
Some, in the act of drinking, attained to the goal;
Some have despaired, while some still have hope.

26

Full to bursting am I, a hourie of Paradise,
Do not flee away, Love.

Ah, careless me! the caravan is gone far ahead,
And that has been my undoing, Love:
Shall I not languish, shall I not with ashes besmear myself?

All sought Him but none found
The infinitude of His Unity;
He alone found the Light who struck the path of Self within.

1. Lit. I let the horse of my mind wander at will in the field of love.
2. The Koran, Sura, XXI, 30.

27

diginibalas vigini vanạvāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān[1]

sȯn samandar sani bā sȯnạye
rȯn bȧṭhis pĕṭh athạ mūrān
ȯn kyā zāni tirạkamāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

ath sȯdras vāvạṭūphāno
nāvạ vuchạmas beshumār
keṅh phaci tay keṅh yirāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

dārith dyutnas maṅz dạrI-yāvas
nay vuchmas sum nay tār
vath hāvtam chus gārzāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

ath kȧdạlas karu zolāno
ami apor chuy 'fano-fil-hāh'
na chụ hyȯṅd tay na musalmāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

1. Var. Bozu jano sozi Sultan—Hear, O hear, the royal tune.

27

It is the fairies that sing at the fount,
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

On the shore of this ocean, bottomless and deep,
The maimed sit wringing their hands,
And the blind cannot take aim with a bow and arrow.
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

In this ocean I see a tempest raging
And countless boats
Some have sunk and some are drifting.
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

I am cast into the midmost waters,
And I can find no way across:
I am a stranger here—"Lead Thou me on!"
Hear, O hear, that song so sweeet,

Manacle thy (self and make of it a) bridge* (to span this ocean wide);
And, across, attain to the "Annihilation in the Divine",
Where there is no Hindu nor Musalman.
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet,

*The self alone can be a bridge across this ocean, provided it is so disciplined as to move beyond the confusion of diversity of paths to the Dominion of the Divine. where there is Unity.

Azizmót gomut devāno
lolạbāyan sŏkhan bāvān
nekh mardan hạndi anạmāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

—Aziz Darvesh

28

yārI dóp māshokh pādā karantay
pādạ gav 'kalam ta lavh'
rŏbạsund phŏrmān lyukh kalạmantay
vantay lo hay lo

Rāma Rāma 'paryāv Shekh Sanạhantay
hĕnzimŏkhạ lób tāmI yar'
but polun Kŏrān zoluntay
vantay lo hay lo

anạ pór Hazrati Mansūrantay
manạ nishi lób tāmI yār'
vanạnuy sīr chuy āyul pantay
vantay lo hay lo

vajūdi ādamas diçām kantay
sajūda rūdus bo
tanashut vajạd āv malạkantay
vantay lo hay lo

—Wahāb Khār

1. Var. day=God.

Azizmòt has gone crazy,
He is letting out love's secret among his fellow-men.
He has heard it from pious men and saints.
Hear, O, hear, that song so sweet.

28

Love said: "My Beloved I shall create;"
And there was tablet and pen.
The pen wrote the command of God.
Sing hey ho for joy!

Shekh Sana recited the name of Rama,
And in an Indian girl he found his Love,
He worshipped an idol and burnt the Koran.
Sing hey ho for joy!

"I am the Truth", said Hazrat Mansūr,
In his own mind he found his Love—
That secret is difficult to tell*
Sing hey ho for joy!

Since I tried to know the secret of man's being
And obeisance low I made,
The angels have begun to dance for joy
Sing hey ho for joy!

* Lit. As subtle a secret as an untwisted thread is frail.

29

yāra gaçhạvo divạye
āshkārā drāvạye
sūrạtan mańz çāvạye
chus Muhammad nāvạye

"kuntu kanzan" āvạye
jalva mārān drāvạye
"nahnu akrab" bāvạye
yāra gaçhạvo divạye

pȧrI-mas mĕ nāvạye
lachi-bȧdI chis nāvạye
kyāh bo dimạsay nāvạye
yāra gaçhạvo divạye

hā gachto kāvay
myāni vantas grāvay
sīna muçạrith hāvạye
yāra gaçhạvo divạye

—Khwaja Habib

30

Nandạlāl āv gindạne rās
ārạ kȧrI-ve āray

ārạval dȧz lolạnāray
ārạvali[1] kȯr vanvās
ārạval[2] phīr ārạāray
ārạ kȧrI-ve āray

1. Var. ararasti[1]=The Cruel One. 2. Var. arakac=The Love-lorn.

29

Friend, we will go to the festival[1].
He has manifested Himself,
And is incarnate in human form:
His name is Muhammad.

He, "the Hidden Treasure," has shown Himself,
And comes trailing splendour;
He is "nearer than our life-vein" to us.
Friend, we will go to the festival.

I have recited His names,
Countless are they,
Say, how shall I call him?
Friend, we will go to the Festival.

Go, dear crow,
Convey to Him my plaints,
I would open my heart to Him.
Friend, we will go to the Festival.

30

Nandalāl is come to dance,
Make a ring, make a ring.

The wild rose is aflame with love,
It has taken to the woods,
It has wandered by the brooks.
Make a ring, make a ring.

1. at Hazrat Bal.

dihidārikayi maṅz vārāy
vuchive khelạvun rās
dāri muçạrith nav dāray
ārạ kȧrI-ve āray

kȧrive sŏndar nāray
rȯhv karạnuk abyās
Shāmạsŏndar bozi vāray
ārạ kȧrI-ve āray

lāri kyāh yĕmi samsāray
sāsan kȧrive sās
akh dayināv tāri tāray
ārạ kȧrI-ve āray

Krạshnas sạtI lŏkạcāray
Krạshnạjuvạ kar athạvās
yi chu lŏkạcār dȯh tāray[3]
ārạ kȧrI-ve āray

—Krishna Rāzdān

31

sȧmiv karav athạvās
pȧkiv rās gindạne

shĕrĕth sāmpạnI kunī rāth
Gūpināth naçạni lȯg
vȧhar dȯh gav pȧhar mās

3. V. gindanakI chiy doh taray—Thy time for play is three short days.

In the mansion of the body,
See, a dance is going on
With all its nine windows open.
Make a ring, make a ring.

O maidens beautiful,
"On with the dance";
Shyāmasundar will enjoy it greatly.
Make a ring, make a ring.

What of this world will go with us?
Let us, then, spend profusely.
Lord's name alone can ferry us across.
Make a ring, make a ring.

From thy childhood, O Krishnaju[1],
Dance hand in hand with Lord Krishna;
Youth will last but three short days.
Make a ring, make a ring.

31

Come, let us join hand in hand
And let us go out for the *ras*-dance.

Six months passed like a single night
When the Lord of Gopis began to dance—
A year flew as a day and a month as an hour.

1.—The poet himself.

yĕth bālạpānas dimȧv ḉhuhāh
yūthuy dȯhāh gȧnīmath
sāsas yŏgas karav sās

shurĕn bạçan labikani sāvith
vachitalạ trāvith neravnā
sạtI-hĕth bĕni pŏph māj mās

dāribar vạçhạ trāvith nerav
vath lȧb ta mastānạvath pherav
dayilolạ rȯst kyāh layi atạlās

vȧniv kas chuvạ Krạshnun lol
zuvuk zuv ṭa kȧmI kyāh ḉol
nivạvun man divạvun vĕkās

tŏhi kati son-hyuh banyovạ hāl
ada kati zānyūn tŏhI Nandạlāl
neravnā pạrith vŏlās

ȧsI kamibāpath karav tyāg
asi gaçhi āsun Krạshnun rāg
suy gav taph zaph yūgabyās

kathạ sāni mahāmanṭhạr zān
vuchun son zān vŏtam dyān
khyȯncȯn son bȯḍ vŏpạvās

We will make the most of life while young—
Blessed indeed are the days of youth—
A thousand eras we will dance away.

We will lull to sleep our children,
From our bosoms weaned away, and
Go forth with our sisters, mothers and aunts.

Quick! and leave the doors and windows
open;
We know the way to Him and, like mad, we
will go;
Save God's love what will riches avail us?

Say, who long for Krishna dear?
Who love him as the life of life? Who
have suffered for
The Stealer of Hearts and the Giver of
Ecstacy?

You have not suffered as we have suffered,
How then can you know Nandalāl?
Shall we not go bedecked to meet Him?

Why shall we renounce the world?
We will bring devotion unto Krishna.
That is austerity enough and Yogic meditation.

Our casual words are mighty spells;
Our wayward glance, meditation sublime;
Our eating and drinking, a holy fast.

kathạ gayi nĕṅgạlith athạ rūzith
kan chinạ tas bĕn hĕkan būzith
saṅkạlpan huṅd kór sánIyās

yithĕv harshĕv khĕy kór shūkan
kati bani maṅz lūkālūkan
yéchạvạni achạrachạ vaykŏnthạvās

Vŏrạvásh vash kár nácänan
gash gos pushpyos vaçänan
vuchI vuchI vigạni gayi vanvās

kāyādärith chuh māyātīth
yūguk chuh sämī būguk hīth
būgīth (chuh, nĕrmal (ta) nĕrabyās

apärI nādāh yépärI vādāh
çŏpärI Rādhākrạshin chuy
prathkäṅsi sạtin kárith athạvās

rātas doh gav dohas rāth
naçan chuh shāmas sạtI prabāth
pānay sämpun kālas grās

—Krishna Rāzdān

Struck dumb and motionless,
We hear nothing but speaks of Him—
Our thoughts, desires, and wills renounced.

Such bliss all sorrow kills;
Where amid the many worlds can it be had?
Even the fairies of Paradise long for it.

Our dance hath bewitched Urvashi;
Our songs have struck her dumb;
Fairies have fled to woods for shame.

Beyond māyā, He yet wears a phenomenal form;
Lord of *yoga*, He yet appears to be a lover of *bhoga*;
Enjoying all objects, He yet is pure and actionless.

A call here and a shout there,
Rādhākrishna is everywhere,
Hand in hand with everyone!

Night passes into day and day passes into night,
The evening dances with the morn,
And thus we devour the devouring Time.

32

āras manṅz açạvay
vigine zan naçạvay

lāgos posh pūze
Krạshnạjuv nĕndạri vuze
vŏpạras kas paçạvay

lājhas tani tanạy
shàhlekh hanihanạy
kamav premav haçạvay

vanas manṅz nanạvāre
çhārān Krạshnạpyāre
kanĕv tāpav taçạvạy

pāmpur shamạhas path
taran kyāh chuh karan gath
màtis path kàr maçạvạy

ashikani mŏkhta hāran
chĕ lādan mŏkhta hāran
tūlI tūlI zan raçạvạy

yi pad kyāh chuh vanun krūṭh
su parmānanṅd kàmI dyūṭh
vuchith vónmut kaçạvạy

—Parmānanṅd

32

We will join the ring
And like fairies we will dance.

With flowers we will worship Him,
So may He waken up from sleep:
How can we trust anyone but Him?

Those maidens ardently in love
Locked him in a close embrace,
And in every limb felt refreshed and cool.

They went forth, barefoot, to the woods
In quest of Krishna dear—
A hot sun above and heated stones beneath.

The moth round the candle
Goes wheeling by and burns itself,
So danced these ardent maidens round their
Sportive Love.

They shed tears like pearl,
Which put to shame the best of pearls
Each cut to the weight of a fine *rati*.

How hard it is to tell the secret word!
Who has known the Highest Bliss?
And having known it, how few have told of it?

33

rāsạmandạlis cĕth premuk mas
sāsạbazạ maçạgämạçạ naçạnas
akhạkis athạvāsạ lāyān āsạ nādā
Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

tátI āmạtI tátI-mátI gämạtI
nyäy áṅzạrith pāyas pemạtI
Narud Sŏdām Shŏkdiv ta Prahlādā
Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

yĕndrạlūk kithạ vánI-ze Bindạrāban
néndri-andar tyuth chinạ ḍeshan
gá̦maç tati sārinI dihivŏpādā
Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

yiy gav bakhtbāvanā yūg jnān
pānạmyāni nĕshI-cay kárith tiy mān
áthI dópuk vyŏthānas maṅz samādā
Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

33

In the ring of dance, drunk with the wine of love,
Thousands of them mad on dance and play,
Hand in hand interlocked, shouted they:
"Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!"

Their confusions cleared and doubts removed,
Thither had come, mad in ecstasy,
Nārada, Sudāma, Shukdeva, Dhruva and Prahlādā, shouting:
"Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!"

With Bindraban of those days you could not compare the abode of Indra;
Yea, you could not even dream of the like of it:
All those present were freed from the bondage of flesh.
Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!

This our dance is devotion, faith, *yoga* and *jnana*,
O my soul, realize this truly:
This is verily a *samadhi* in wakeful activity.
Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!

kulI-kaçh ta kani munI muçąrāvith
sīnąmańzą bāvąkI sīr bāvith
GūkaląkI mŏkht gāmąṭI dādāpardādā
Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji !

rās gav yĕti sami rasąsamadur
rās gav yĕti çami çŏk ta mŏdur
rās gav zi rūdmut āsi na apąrādā
Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnājī !

Trees, plants, even stones, opened their eyes
And laid bare the secrets of their loves.
In Gokul all attained to *mukti*, even their forefathers.
Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji !

Ras is where love's expanse broadens into an ocean ;
Ras is equipoise mid sour and sweet ;
Ras is where there is no trace of sin.
Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji !

34

bahār āv nav bahār āv
khŏsh havā dilạkiy gamgosạ trāv
raṅg-baraṅg ñāvI kar kosman krāv
bahār āv nav bahār āv

hiy che dapān zambạhas mĕ chu āmạtāv
dāg hyót gulālan sŏnạposhas chu cāv
märI ȧmI hameshi-bahärI phīrI phīrI āv
bahār āv nav bahār āv

35

raṅgạ raṅgạ särI gul āy
madäno kati cänI jāy

ra'nā zebā gulāb āy
shab-boy mäṅziposh sȯnaposh drāy[1]
kāripȧtI tạ sȯmbạlan kȧr grāy
madäno kati cänI jāy

—(Khwaja Habib)

1. Var. Shab-boyi manza sonaposh dray.

34

Spring, the new spring!
A happy breeze is blowing! Of heartaches and sorrows think no more.
Gather violets and tulips of many hues.
Spring, the new spring!

The Jasmine says to the White Rose, "I have grown pale",
The Red Poppy shows its scar; the *Sonaposh* is full of elation;
And see how the Daisy smites us with love: he comes and goes and comes and goes again.
Spring, the new spring!

35

Flowers have blossomed in all their hues,
Love, where are you?

The rose has come, graceful and lovely,
The tuberose, the balsam, and the *Sonaposh* have bloomed[1],
The larkspur and the hyacinth burst daintily into bloom,
Love, where are you?

1. Var. The *Sonaposh* has shone forth from the odorous night.

36

āv bahār bolu bulbulo
son vȯla baṛavo shādī

drāv kaṭhkȯsh grȯzạ pāñ ~~chalo~~ / chūlo
zarạ çalạnay vandạkī dādi
vuzu nĕndạre vuni chā sulo

kāv kumri vuchī poshnūlo
āy nālan zan pharī-yādi
bāv vȯndạkī gamgosa gulo

nāv hiyitan neru sȯmbulo
hĕth zāmīnas khatī āzādi
pyāla hĕth chay yĕmbạrzalo

çāv soṅt tay nab gay khulo
būtạrāç pĕṭh çalī phasādi
tekạbatạne ta yirī-kimī phȯlo

nāv tan man trāv zalzalo
drāv shihul poñ kami nāgạrādi
khasu Parbat[1] ta vasu Tulmulo[1].

—Prakash Ram

1. Famous shrines of Kashmiri Hindus.

36

Spring is come, sing thou, O *Bulbul*;
Let us celebrate the advent of spring.

Frost is gone, and the water rills are bubbling with water; ~~Let us wash our limbs and body clean,~~ / ~~the water rills are bubbling with water~~)
~~Let us wash away our winter misery.~~ Soon will our winter misery be gone.
Get up, get up, is it early still?

See, the *kav*, the *kumri* and the *poshnool*[1]
Have filled the glens with their wailings;
Come, O Rose, thou too confide in us thy winter griefs and sorrows.

Show thy delicate form, O Hyacinth, and spread
Thy message of freedom for the earth:
The Narcissus is holding her cup for thee.

Spring is come and the sky is clear,
Winter's confusion has vanished from the earth;
Daffodils and meadow-saffron are in bloom.

Let us cleanse our bodies and minds,
Let us cast away all fear—
Again from wondrous springs refreshing waters flow,
Again may we visit our sacred shrines.

1. The crow, the dove, and the golden oriole.

37

yĕti pĕn varshan tàtI phal bàvantay
sontay son āv sontirāy

sosan gulitūrI yirI-kimI zĕntay
vŏla kar yĕmbarzàlI kosman krāv
cila drāv handiposhI kulimI hyŏt vantay
sontay son āv sontirāy

38

dĕka pĕtha gumạ chim mŏkhta zan harān
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

Shālamār bihith pyāla chas barān
bo dāla chas nivān yūrI vātĕm yār
yāras kiça poshan māla chas karān
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

Ishabàr bihith shīshạ chas barān
bo kesh chas pārān yūrI vātĕm yār
yāras kiça poshan māla chas karān
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

—Haba Khotūn

37

Wherever the rains come, there grow crops
and fruits in plenty.
Wherever spring comes, thither comes Love,
the lord of spring.

The iris, the lily, and the meadow-saffron
will sprout soon,
Come, O Narcissus, enjoy the bloom[1].
Winter is gone; the dandelion and the
viburnum have blossomed in the woods.
Spring is come, and Love, The lord of spring,
is come too.

38

The sweat of my brow are dropping like pearl;
I am a lovely maiden, gathering violets for
Love.

At Shalimar I am filling wine-cups;
I leap for joy, for my Love will come to me.
I am weaving garlands of flowers for Love.

At Ishabar I am filling goblets of wine;
I am braiding my tresses, for my Love will
come to me.
I am weaving garlands of flowers for him,
A lovely maiden am I, gathering violets
for Love.

1. Lit: gather violets. Kosam=violets or flowers generally.

39

pȧhāj-kūri hā bragạ-tīri
chāvtay nīrI achiposh

pȧhāj khȧçạkhay vŏgạnĕn bālan
nālan lāgith posh
vȯlI-ve sŏndȧrĕv rȯv hay karạvay
çaṭạvay nīrI achiposh

40

sȧmI-tave viginĕv rȯv hay karạvay,
rȯv hay karạvay
saṅgarmālan çhāye lo lo,
çhāye lo lo
sŏnạsạṅdI zāṅpānạ mŏkhạṭạvI jālar,
mŏkhạṭạvI jālar.
sadạfạvI karạsay pāye lo lo,
pāye lo lo
orạ yĕli yiyam tay broṅṭhạhay neras,
broṅṭhạhay neras
sạtI hĕth çȯnzạ tay dāye lo lo,
dāye lo lo,

—Mahmūd Gāmi

39

Thou Shepherd Lass, O thou Heron Feather,
Disport thyself amongst the meadow *achiposh*.

O Shepherd Lass, how airily thou goest up
the low hills,
With flowers thy collar bedecked!
Come, lovely maids, let us dance and
Gather the meadow *achiposh*.

40

Come, O fairies, let us dance, *let us dance*,
Sheltered from light while yet the peaks
are aglow with rosy dawn, *with rosy dawn*.
I will make for my Love a gold palanquin,
a gold palanquin,
With fringes of pearl and ivory posts, *and ivory posts*.
And when he arrives, I will come out to meet
him, *I will come out to meet him*.
Accompanied by many friends and maids,
my many friends and maids.

41

doh lôg darạ ta kas chakh prārān
çhoh dåy bāliye lo lo karạn

mārI-månz diṭhmakh ārI-månzI tarān
asạvạnI kosam diṭhI-may harān
lastam ta āstam nigạhāh karān
çhoh dåy bāliye lo lo karān
—Mirza Akmal-ud-Din

42

vantay lūciy kor gaçhakh çirI[1] kuniy zåniye
laṭha pūçe çhaṭa mārān çirI kuni zåniye

ärạy äriy khaçāyakh äriy āriy vaçhāyakh
akạhatĕn dakạmārān çirI kuniy zåniye

Rĕshimālyun khaçāyakh grāyi mārān
vaçhāyakh
RåmbI āras tāra tarān çirI kuniy zåniye

1. Var. or=thither.

41

The day lingers.
Whom art thou waiting for, O youthful maid,
in thy voluptuous beauty, singing so
merrily?

I see thee lovesick, crossing a rivulet,
O Smiling One, thy smile scattereth voilets
abroad.
May thou be spared long, O sweet maid, and
May I ever find favour in thine eyes!

42

Say, dear lass, whither art thou going so
late, alone?
With thy white *dupaṭṭa* wantonly fluttering
in the wind, thou goest so late, alone!

Along the rivulet banks thou goest,
Along the rivulet banks thou returnest,
Brushing past thy lovers cruelly, so late, alone!

To the Festival at Rishimol's thou goest,
and now so coquettishly returnest,
Wading across the Råmbāra so late, alone!

43

✓ vȧnI dimay ārabalan
yāra kuni melakhnā
(vȧnI dimay āravalan
dubāra yāra melakhnā)

lajI phulay āravalan
yāra dīdār hāvakhnā
chiv* lȯgum masvalan
yāra kuni melakhnā

—Haba Khotūn

44

✓ lȧjI phulay aṅḍavanan
çĕ kanan gȯynā myon
lȧjI phulay kolạsaran
vȯthū nīrĕn khasạvo
phȯj yosman aṅḍavanan
çĕ kanan gȯynā myon

—Haba Khotūn

45

bahāriy gul phȯlI sāriy
bozi hāriy poshinūlạnI zār

vanạvȯth kȯstūr dȯd ashkạnāriy
siyāh kȯrun panun pān
balinā bulbulas ȧshkạbemāriy
bozi hāriy poshinūlạnI zār

* Var. choh.

43

In quest of thee I wander about the hill-streams,
Shall I find thee nowhere, my Love?
(I will search the wild jasmine woods for thee,
Shall I not meet thee once again, my Love?)

The wild yellow rose has bloomed
Wilt thou not show thy face, Love?
'Beauty's fairest paragons' are in their prime,
Shall I find thee nowhere, my Love?

44

The distant meadows are in bloom,
Hast thou not heard my plaint?
Flowers bloom on mountain lakes,
Come, let us to mountain meads;
The lilac blooms in distant woods,
Hast thou not heard my plaint?

45

The spring flowers have all blossomed,
O *Myna*[1], hear the plaint of *Poshinool*[2]!

Kostur[3] came down from the happy woods
And was charred with the fire of love;
He turned black—think of that, my Love!
Will the lovesick *Bulbul* not find a cure?
O *Myna*, hear the plaint of *poshinool*!

1. Starling. 2. Golden Oriole. 3. Tickell's Thrush.

46

kāvinI pạrith nimạyo grāvo
hā mati yāvanrāyo ve

bahār āvtay sanz lóg nāvan
Sŏna Lānki vathạray bo
shokạ cāni zūlāh zālay rangạnāvan
hā mati yāvanrāyo ve

—Khwaja Habib

47

hā vólo mónI ho vandạyo pādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

ādanạ āsạs renzalạ nādān
yāvạnas kadạr no zāniy mĕ
ditạmo darshun cham cānI lādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

kụkile pạrI kavạ trāvith kŏlạrādan
dukale vŏndạ myon gav
mĕ kale cāne brāntI gāmo nādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

46

Like a crow I shall fly to thee with plaints,
O Love, the lord of my youth!

Spring is come and boats are sought;
I shall spread a seat for thee at the Isle of Gold[4],
I shall illuminate multi-coloured boats for thee,
My Love, the lord of my youth!

47

I will lay the very apples of my eyes at thy feet, O come,
My Love, companion of my youth!

When young I played with trinkets,
Fool that I was,
And did not prize my youth;
But now I pine for thee. Show thyself,
My love, companion of my youth!

Like a *kukil*-dove thou didst move along the wandering rills,
And distraction filled my heart;
Beguiled by love, I fancied thou wert calling me,
My love, companion of my youth!

4. Sona Lank in Dal Lake.

a dark red flower of water-rush or reed.

ladarposh

52

çento laḍạrI posh phȯlI kŏlạrādan
az chum ādan vātạhamay
dihamay darshun sar vaṅday pādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

—Arnimāl

48

mĕ shoka yārạsạndi bȧrI maṣ-pyālạta
ālav dītose

tarạvạni marạge vasạvạni bālata
āhiy nītose
kyāh kara niyinam harạnạni çhālata
ālav dītose

kandạ tay nābadạ bȧrI-mas thālata
raṅga raṅga nītose
jod gav āshkan dod kĕtha çālạta
ālav dītose

—Arnimāl

49

✓ mĕ hiyi poshan mālạ karĕm
cāni lolare
shrŏnI-dār sŏnạsạṅzạ buṅgạri garĕm
cāni lolare

53

Think of *Ladarposh* bloom along the rivulet
banks—
This is the time I look for thee.
Wert thou to come and show thyself,
I would lay down my life for thee,
My Love, campanion of my youth!

48

For the love of my sweetheart I filled
wine-cups.
Go and call out to him.

Across meadows and down hillsides,
My tender thoughts attend him!
Like a deer he bounded away, ah me!
Go and call out to him.

Dishes of sugar-loaf and candy sweet I filled,
Many and various—pray, offer these to him.
Smitten am I—how can I endure the anguish
of love?
Go and call out to him.

49

Jasmine wreaths I weave
For the love of thee.
I wear gold bangles, jingling sweet,
For the love of thee.

54

yīd āyi gaçhakh kȯt
kavạ gokh gindạnas mȯt
mati rozu damāh rozạ darĕm
cāni lolare

cāni puçhI rāvạrĕm rāçiy
kāçāh gayas ārạ-kāçạy
nūrạki vakhtay sūrạ parĕm
cāni lolare

—Rasul Mir

50

mĕ kari taskiça poshan mālata
chāvinā hiy

hāvasạ bȧrI-mas madạkhāsI vārata
yiyinā karạsay vŏri manz jāy
darshanạ tahande bāl sandārataṭ
chāvinā hiy
chas myānI drạy

—Arnimāl

51

kar vĕsI madun yiyi mĕ sāla
poshan taskiça kari mĕ māla
yāvun osum pūrkamāla
mas cath masạchiv rȧṭnas nāla

55

The 'Id is come, where wilt thou go?
Prithee, why so fond of play?
Love, stay awhile, I kept the fasts
For the love of thee.

For thee I waited many nights,
And how I pined away!
At the rosy dawn prayers I said
For the love of thee.

50

I weave garlands of flowers for him—
Will he not disport himself 'mid jasmine?

For Love I filled wine cups to the brim,
O were he to come!
In my bosom I would place him;
And my love-lorn youth would be happy again.
Will he not disport himself 'mid jasmine—
For my sake?

51

Dear friend, when will Love accept my invitation?
I have woven garlands of flowers for him.
I was in the very prime of youth
When, drunk with wine, my Love caught me in an embrace
(And cast his spell on me).

52

rasą vŏlay vŏlay vŏlay sŏndārI-ye
masąkhāsI hay bārI-may çĕ

vuṭh chiy raçąphālI dańd mŏkhtąmālay
māsąm hŏńji kyāh kosam hāṭI-ye
rasą vŏlay vŏlay sŏndārI-ye

āsmān khāçkhay hāy rańgąçārI-ye
vasąkhay pāną kiną lāgay vāląbārI-ye
rasą vŏlay vŏlay sŏndārI-ye

—Khwāja Habib

53

ho karąyo ho ho karąyo
myāni yāro ho ho karąyo

asąvąni māshoką asi-kun sāthā
rasą vŏlą masąkI khāsI barąyo
ho karąyo ho ho karąyo

dūre āham nūrāną trāvān
durdāną sŏnąkanądūr garąyo
ho karąyo ho ho karąyo

—(Aziz Khan)

52

Come, O come trippingly, Love,
I have filled goblets brimful for thee.

Thy lips are coral beads,
Thy teeth are rows of pearl,
Dimples scatter violets on thy guileless face.
Come, O come trippingly, Love.

My Titling, thou hast flown to the skies.
Come down or I'll spread birdlime for thee.
Come, O come trippingly, Love.

53

Love, I'll sing thee a lullaby,
I'll sing thee a lullaby.

My winsome Love, come trippingly to me
this once,
I'll fill thee wine-cups,
I'll sing thee a lullaby.

Thou comest trailing splendour from afar,
I'll make thee gold ear-rings, my Pearl,
I'll sing thee a lullaby.

54

myāni madan hiyo hiyo
cham cānI lādan

hā yiyo yiyo
darshun diyo diyo
cham cānI lādan

ādaṇą cĕysątI karyām vāday
vādą kavą ḍòlham piyo piyo
cham cānI lādan.

—Arnimāl.

55

yitą yitą yāro yito
hītą drāyas gari ta vāy
hiy phŏlyā bĕyi yito
dĕvą bāl darą ta vāy
mārI-mańdi myāni zār bozto
kālI gaçhą barą ta vāy

—Jum Navhatta

56

kar lagan cānI kadam sāni āńgan
sheri hĕmāyo vŏlo
bo drāyas dardą cāne
pardą çàṭih bĕyi yitāmo vŏlo
bo do Hīmāl āsąs
bāl máçąs poshi tulay ho vŏlo

—(Arnimāl ?)

54

My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine,
I long for thee.

Come, O come,
And show thyself;
I long for thee.

I plighted, when young, my troth to thee,
Why didst break thy troth, O sweet, O dear?
I long for thee.

55

Come Love, pray come,
I left my home for thee.
Will jasmine bloom again? O come,
I may yet live.
Loved One, hear my plaint:
Time soon will wither me, alas!

56

When will thy feet touch my courtyard?
I would place them on my head, O come!
For love, I left my home and hearth
And tore the veil, O come!
I was a famous beauty once, and now,
I have faded[1] in my teens, O come!

1. Lit. I am reduced to the weight of a flower.

57

kar raṅgim karvātĕm
sāri sāmānạ vŏlo
shar kāstam sar bo vanday
cĕy rȯst dĕn kȧhI bạray
dūrĕr con no zaray

—Haba Khātūn

58

mĕ kȧrI-mas poshan dastay
kar yiyam bāli bālạyār
dādi tahande dil gom khastāy
kar hāvĕm bāli dīdār

ruṭhI-mȧtis tas yārạsa̐y
vȧnI-tose myānI vilạzār
yiyi natay myānI drạy chasay
karạhsay sar nisār

bumbạkamāni cilạ kyāh chusay
tīr lāynam beshumār
sīnạsipar dāryāmasay
kȯrnamay bāli shikār.

—Haba Khātūn

57

I dyed my hands in henna—
When will he come?
It's Love should come to me, bedecked.
Come, still my craving,
I am dying for thee:
Without thee how shall I fill my days?
I cannot endure separation from thee.

58

I have made posies on posies for him,
When will the Loved One come to me?
Pining for him I have broken my heart,
When will the Loved One come to me?

Convey my wailings to my Love,
And, pray, let him be reconciled;
Should he tarry, conjure him in my name:
I would lay down my life for him.

How tensely drawn are his eyebrows!
Many a missile he shot at me.
I bared my bosom for a shield
And now a stricken victim lie.

59

dāmāna bȯḍum ashi mati
kāmaṇI prārān dȯh gom
sāmāna gȧnḍith āyĕs
yūr kyāh çĕ lȯguy nashi mati
pāman lājthas kyāh kara
kāmaṇI prārān dȯh gom

—(Arnimāl ?)

60

kāvạrang kȯrtham hāvu didāro
yāro lol ho ām conuy
çhandān lūsạs gāmạ-shahāro
ḍechām säriy çĕy hyuh na hānh
tani tȯph läytham guli-bȯmbūro
yāro lol ho ām conuy.

61

cāni bartal rāvĕm räçạy
āvāz väçạy no
khāsI vȯzạlI bȧrgạ chāçạy
chas sŏrgạc yĕmbạrzal
kālI melav kayāmāçạy
āvāz väçạy no
vanạhā yāc ȧshkạni brānçạy
kan thāvto Mahmūdas
kaman sūrtan gaçhān mĕçạy
āvāz väçạy no

—Mahmūd Gāmi

59

The hem of my robe is drenched with tears, Love;
Waiting and yearning, my days drag.
I came bedecked;
Prithee, why so proud, Love?
I have become an object of taunts, ah me!
Waiting and yearning, my days drag.

60

Thou hast turned me black as the raven,
Come, and show thyself to me.
Love, I yearn for thee.
Weary I grew, looking for thee 'mid country and town.
I have found none like thee.
Thou hast stung me, O Wasp-bee;
O come, I yearn for thee.

61

At thy door I waited for nights on nights,
Did you not hear me wail?
With bells red and petals pale
I am a divine narcissus (waiting for thee);
It's a long long time to the Judgement-day.
I would sing many a song for love,
Pray, lend thy ears to Mahmūd—
What lovely forms must turn to dust!
Did you not hear me wail?

62

gāṅ gāṅ mo kar hā yàndạro
kanarĕn phàlilay malạyo
rabi tala kār tulu hā sómbulo
yĕmbạrzal pyālạ hĕth prārạn chay
hiyithàr chastay dubārạ phŏlạyo

—Ārnimāl

63

àchī mĕ losam dārĕtạ-bàrI-ye
sŏndàrI-ye son yikhnā
shĕchi sozạhay manza chim ṭhạrI-ye
sŏndàrI-ye son yikhnā

zālI-paṅjiraç hāy raṅgạçàrI-ye
ālI lañjinạy yerakhnā
kālI paṅjạray rozan çharI-ye....

nāzạ camạnạc tāzạ babàrI-ye
sāzạ vŏdi haṅga loguthnā
rashk con niv mushk ambàrI-ye....

khasạvạnI hāy poshethārI-ye
asạvun kyāh con rŏkhsār
ḍūrI sagạwānī tūrI mā bàrI-ye....

—Makbūl Shāh.

62

Do not murmur and grumble, O Spinning-wheel,
Thy straw-rings[1] I shall oil.
Raise thy head from under the earth, O Hyacinth,
Narcissus is looking for thee with cups of wine.
Once faded, will the jasmine bloom again?

63

My eyes are aching: I have been looking for thee from doors and windows.
Wilt thou not come to me, Love?
For the obstacles in my way messages of love cannot reach thee,
Wilt thou not come to me, Love?

O thou pretty cage-ling,
Wilt thou not build thy nest on the bough outside?
Death soon will empty all the cages.

O thou fresh basil of the garden of love,
O thou envy of fragrant ambergris,
Dost thou need to adorn thy brow?

O thou flowering creeper,
Thy face happy smiles doth wear,
Thy breasts are brimful with love.

1. Rings made of straw in which the spindle is fixed.

64

yi chu duniyā navikhŏta nov-ye lo lo
kaṛi bäliye yāvạnas rov-ye lo lo
yāṛadāde kyāh banyāv pämpūras
shamahas path devāna gov-ye lo lo...[1]
yaṛadāde kyāh banyāv bombūras
yĕmbạrzali path devāna gov-ye lo lo....
yaṛadāde kyāh banyāv Bombūras
Lolare path devāna gov-ye lo lo...
yaṛadāde kyāh banyāv Nägī-rāyas
Himāli path devāna gov-ye lo lo...

65

asimay rosh häriye
àsī hay lolan märiye

kyāh banyāv Pharhādas
Shirīni path devāna gav
tamī ti saṅgạlāth väliye
asimay rosh häriye

kyāh banyāv Majnūnas
Lāli path devāna gav
tas no būz māji māliye
asimay rosh häriye

1. The refrain, *kaṛi baliye yavanas rov-ye lo lo*, is repeated as indicated here.

64

This world is new, for ever and ever new,
O maiden dear, weave thy youth in a wreath
of dance.
For love the moth has to suffer
When he goes mad after the candle-flame.
For love the bee has to suffer
When it goes mad after the narcissus.
For love Bombuṛ* had to suffer
When it went mad after Lolari*.
For love Nāgrāy* had to suffer
When he went mad after Himāl*.

65

Don't be cross, my Myna dear,
It's love has smitten me.

For Shirīn Farhād had to suffer:
For love he tore down the hill.
For Laila Majnūn had to suffer:
Her parents would not relent.

So don't be cross, my Myna dear,
It's love has smitten me.

*Lovers famous in Kashmiri legend.

66

pardą tålI jalva dyut māshokantay, māsho-kantay
mĕ ta tas aząlay âs miląvantay, ās milavantay
rąshi sątI kami sŏni asi kór çhĕntay, asi kór çhĕntay
rūțhmut manąvith vĕsI antantay, vĕsI antantay
gindąnuy dimąsay kanąkuy sŏntay, kanąkuy sŏntāy
yina nishi nāshas yina kāňh sŏntay, yini kāňh sŏntay
tas path rovum sor ādantay, sor ādantay
àmI loląçūran diçnam santay, diçnam santay
thaph dith mushnam shīla vāsantay, shila vāsantay
āvąr tą vāvąr kár mĕ vāvantay, kár mĕ vāvantay
hárnas hārnas zan páhI-pantay, zan páhI-pantay
diląkuy hāl vón Makąbūlantąy, Mákąbūlantąy
dādĕv bárI-thąy chas hanhantáy, chas hanhantay

—Makbul Shāh

66

Love's splendour shines beneath the veil, *beneath the veil*;
We were destined to be one, *we were destined to be one*;
Some rival has estranged him from me, *estranged him from me;*
Reconcile him to me, O *reconcile him to me*;
I'll make him a gift of all my gold, *of all my gold*;
See that no rival keeps him away, *keeps him away*;
For Love I pined away my youth, *pined away my youth*;
That thief of love stole my heart, *stole my heart*;
At a single blow my heart he snatched, *my heart he snatched*;
The gust (of love) blowed me about, *blowed me about*;
Like the dry leaves in autumn, I fluttered down, *I fluttered down*;
Makbūl has laid bare his heart, *laid bare his heart*;
Every limb of his doth smart with love, *doth smart with love.*

67

àsI āy lārān lolạ sạtiy
lo làti lo
chiy àshkạhādiy sạtI sạtiy
lo làti lo

arạzāh karạhay roz àtiy
boztam ārizo
matạ losạnāvtakh lūsI-mạtiy[1]
lo làti lo

āshakh chi vārāh lūsI-mạtiy
pemạtI yĕkhso
matạ vuzạnāvtakh nĕndạrihàtiy
lo làti lo

kokal zạy cānI babạriphàtiy
na ta mā shab-bo
kyāh chiy shubān kāripàtiy
lo làti lo

āho càshI-mav mārI kạtiy
càshI-mạ cānI jādo
dīshith harạnav van rāṭiy
lo làti lo

ath sómbul bāgas vànI mĕ ditiy
rāvạrim sārI doh
yim àshkạ tŏngal pāmI tàtiy
lo làti lo.

—Rósul Mīr

1. *Var.* *yim naz kadam trav sotiy.*

67

We have hastened out of love to thee,
lo lati lo[1]!
The love-lorn still do follow thee,
lo lati lo!

I would make suit to thee, O stay,
And, pray, hear my suit;
Do not wear out the way-worn, Love[2],
lo lati lo!

Thy lovers, weary and worn out,
Have fallen by the way;
Do not wake up the sleep-laden,
lo lati lo!

On either side thy basil locks,
Thy luscious tuberose
How they become thy lovely back!
lo lati lo

Thy gazelle eyes so many have killed,
Thy magic eyes enthrall,
The deer have fled to woods for shame.
lo lati lo

I scanned thy hyacinth garden well,
Spending days together,
The flame of love was lighted in me,
lo lati lo.

1. Lit. O my beloved, O!
2. Var. Walk thy gentle paces slowly.

68

moy con chu sȯmbul
hovuth kaman kaman
trovuth çĕ parayshan
bulbul mā saman saman
nāzạki khañjara sạtI
āshakh mārith kạtI
suy khūn çạ mȧlith drākh naman naman
bīnī du bādām vasl-i shākh bumban bumban
nargis chĕ pur-mas bȧrI bȧrI lolạ caman caman

69

āv bulbul byūṭh thari
dil mĕ nyūnam sŏndạri
nosh kórnam nĕndạri
hosh kórnam bāmbạri
rāth dȯh chas nazạri
dil mĕ nyūnam sŏndạri

68

Thy tresses are a hyacinth,
Thou hast displayed them to many, O so many!
Thou hast untied and loosed[1] them
Will *bulbuls* not assemble,
so many, O so many!
By thy airs and graces[2]
Thou hast killed so many, O so many!
And, thy finger-tips dyed in their blood,
thou roamest:
See'st thine almond-eyes and
bough-like eyebrow arches cusped,
And thy narcissus face, in full bloom,
a very garden of love!

69

The *bulbul* sat on a bough,
He ravished a maiden's heart,
He robbed me of sleep,
He scattered away my wits;
Day and night I look for him.

1. Thus loosed they are a net for lovers.
2. Lit. By the sword of thy airs and graces.

70

tŏhi mā ḍyūṭhvan su hay
yemI bo dŏhay gäjnas

tulạkatur lȯgum pŏhay
hārạnI tāpan gäjnas
joyan läjnas dŏhay, yemI bo...

path nayĕn äsạs bŏhay
tȯtuy votum tabardār
ganĕn kȯrnam tŏhay, yemI bo...

—Haba Khotūn

71

gindạni drāyas turI gayas rạsith
dȯhdari yānI lūsith gom

mālinI myānI arbāb äsI
tavay pyom Haba Khotan nāv
ȧṭI mȧnzI drāyas bạrkạ kȧsI kȧsI
sor ālam çasith āv
vanạkī tapạrĕshI tapȧ āy vȧṣith
dohdari yānI lūsith gom

—Haba Khotūn

70

Did you not see him
Who smites me with love?

He exposed me to the frost of *Poh*[1],
He melted me in the hot sun of *Har*[2],
He still makes me wander, like a running
brook, in quest of him.

I lived apart, a pine in the back-woods,
Thither my Woodcutter came
and found me out,
And felled me, and burnt the logs to ashes.

71

I left my home for play but returned not
When the day sank in the west.

I came of noble parentage
And made a name as Haba Khātūn.
I passed through crowds drawing tight my
veil,
But people flocked to see me,
And ascetics hurried out of woods;
When the day sank in the west.

1 December-January (Winter) 2 June-July (Summer)

72

lasa kami hāvasay
su nay chu hĕvān
nāv tay nasay

ŏrfa chu̇ ālạmasay
yīd chĕ āshạkasay
yāras rȯst yīd kŏsay

ȧndạrI ȧndạrI zājnasay
tȯndras lājnasay
māzas ġom basạbasay

shīn zan gājnasay
āran vājnasay
joyan lājnasay

73

vĕsiye gaçhtay astay astay
dastay ˘karạsay poshenạy
dārāyi tāryom taskyut mastay
su chumay pherān goshenạy
su kavay rūdum goshẹnạy
tas kati lŏgmay parud̨ mastay
(yiyi nata gaçhạsay hiy-zan khastay)

—Ḥabạ Khotūn

72

What hope can keep me alive?
He doth not ever think of me.

The world observes Ramadan[1],
The lover celebrates the 'Id;
But there can be no 'Id when Love is away.

Love has consumed me from within,
He has cast me into a hot oven,
And is burning me to cinder.

Love has melted me like the snow,
He has fretted me like the hill-stream,
And has made me restless like the rills.

73

Go gently and call him, friend,
I've made posies of flowers for him.
Over passes[2] high I carried him wine,
But he is roaming 'mid sylvan glades
O why is he roaming in the distant glades?
O where is he drunk with my rival's wine?
(Should he not come, like jasmine I'll fade;
Go gently and call him, friend.)

1. Lit. Urfa, the last day of the fasts, when the 'Id is anxiously awaited on the following day.
2. Lit. up Dara, at the foot of Mt. Mahadev.

74

yĕs mĕ kòrmay dil havālay
gaçhtạ vĕsI yūrI antane
mārạmòt antan savālay
vārạ lāgas tān tane
sar bo karas pāyimāl
gaçhtạ vĕsI yūrI antane

75

çạnànI-poshi raṅgạ hay dīṭhmas tan
çạ nòn no vànI-ze bozi ālam

doha əki tas ta mĕ mejāyi tan
hā amob thàvnam sŏy lādan
ävyul mā sanyos myon hiye badan

ārifav tā ạshạkav racāy van
māṇi būz MansūrI nārạ dàzạs tān
"analhaq" pòr tàmI maṅz mārạkan

—Khwaja Habib

74

Whom I have entrusted with my heart,
Go friend, and bring him back to me.
I would press my body close to his,
I would lay my head at his feet;
Go friend, and bring him back to me.

75

I have seen his body:
It is the colour of peach-bloom!
Pray, let no one come to know of it.

Once his body and mine closed in an embrace—
O it is that has filled me with longings
  keen!
Did my jasmine body press too hard and
  hurt him?

For love many devotees and lovers re-
  nounced the world
And betook themselves to woods;
Mansūr alone realized love's true meaning,
His body was set aflame;
"I am the truth," said he openly,
He cared not for what people would say.

76

nata kāṅsi nay zạrạvI åshkạnI nārạtåtI
hā låtiy çạ chāvtay nĕndạrihåtiy posh

"analhaq" paryāv Mansūr måtI
gāphilav māni būzith zonus nạ keṅh
tåmI dārạpĕṭhạ hyŏtun yār paṅun sạtI-sạtI

77

yĕli chum yāvun çĕtas pĕvān
tĕli cham yivān devānạgī
āshakh bŏmbur vyūr hĕvān
phīrI-phīrI camạnan vŏn divān
yĕli par dukạnas chu vạsith pĕvān....

78

bani yĕs kenh ārām na tas
mĕ chu pĕvān kyāhtām çĕtas

lola kartạji chŏkh yĕs yiye
ābi hayāth tas no vaye
dor-davā dīdār chu tas

yĕna tas yarạ-sạṅz kal gạyam
nālI lolạc häṅkal gayam
tanạ chas bāl måsībatas

76

Who ever did endure the burns of love?
O maiden, enjoy flowers while yet they are
waking into bloom.

"I and my Love are one," said Mansūr,
People heard him but did not understand;
From the gallows he clung fast to his love
And proved his faith.

77

When I remember the days of youth,
I feel like mad.
How true a lover is the bee!
It sucks honey and knows no satiety:
It seeks out flowers in gardens,
again and again,
Till its wings fail and it falls down dead.

78

Whoever is in love, will know no peace:
I feel a tugging at my heart.

Whoever is wounded with the darts of love,
Ambrosia is no balm for him;
His only balm is a sight of Love.

Ever since I have been in love
I am a captive, bound hand and foot;
I feel the misery of it,
Even in the innocence of my youth.

Hasạnas lola-tabas davā
keṅh-na vasạlạki mas-pyāla sivā
hā sākạyā dāmā ditā
—Gulām Hasan Ganāyi

79

loytham ȧshkun dāmạ
dilārāma dilbaro
mijitīr cānI yĕli āmạ
vaṅto kȧhI sandạro
maṅdinĕn kȯrtham shāmạ...

hiyitani pĕyĕm hāmạ
gạn gạn cāni bȯmburo
tŏph mo lāy siyāphāmạ....
—Akbar Baṭh

80

dil tāri kȯrtham dilbaray
vaṅto çĕ bĕn dĕn kȧhI baray

bāgas phȯlImo ambaray
chāvạni vājām bȯmburay
gām sārI poshan ambaray—

barbukạ chas gāmạç baray
astaṁ baray māray baray
yinạ cāni shādI käçāh baray—

The poet is suffering from the fever of love,
There's no cure save '(the wine of)
Love's embrace;
O *Saki*[1], let me have a draught (of the wine).

79

Thou hast caught me in the noose, Love
Thou art my only solace.

Thou throwest thine eyelashes at me,
How can I bear the agony, Love?
Thou hast turned my noonday into dusk.

A blight has befallen my jasmine body,
Since thou hast gone away, humming by;
O Wasp-bee, thou hast stung me too pitilessly.

80

Thou hast filled me with a yearning, Love,
Without thee how shall I fill my days?

My garden is in full bloom,
Wafting its rich fragrance abroad.
I invited my Bee to enjoy the bloom,
He did not come, and
The flowers lie in an idle heap.

I am in my very prime,
Voluptuous and ripe for love.
O come, for thee a lambkin I'll kill;
O the joy that will be mine when thou wilt come!

1. Cup-bearer, beloved.

81

roshi vŏlạ posh ho bo lāgay
gosh thāvtaṁ vanạyȯ bo zārī

yĕmbạrzal chas[1] khumārạ bȧrith
sharmi sạtI kār bŏnkun thȧvith
harnạ gayi dar jaṅgal mȧrith
mārI ȧsI[2] cȧni cȧshe-khumārī

* * * *

yār gomay Pāmpạrl vate
kŏṅgạ poshav rȯṭ nālạmate
su chu tate bo chas yĕte
Barsāhibo karāna[3] bo zārī

Mohmūd Gāmi

82

lȧj phulay bādạman
yār kaman gom mȯtuy
roshi kȧrImas poshi caman
dĕva yiyȧm pȯtuy
hāy pĕyam yembạrzalan
yār kaman gom mȯtuy...

Var. 1. chey 2. tim 3. boxtạm

81

Come Love, heed my wailings,
I adore thee.

I am a narcissus, in full bloom,
For modesty I cannot tell my love.
Like a gazelle I roamed the wilds,
Till thy wanton eyes enthralled my heart.

* * * *

My Love took the road to Pampore, where
Saffron flowers locked him in their embrace.
He is there, and ah me! I am here—
Have I not cause to lament, my God?

82

Almond blossom is everywhere,
But where's my Love?
On whom has he set his heart?
I laid flower-beds for Love,
I hoped he would come back to me;
But he did not come and
My daffodils withered away.
Where's my Love
When almond trees are in bloom?

83

Láj phulay kohạdāmạnạy
bādām drāy nánī
grāy kár támI yāvạnạy
shĕchi vaninam kávạnạy
kan thāvinā grāvạnạy
bādām drāy nánī

84

bahārạ phulạyā phójI sabạzāran
kavạ zānạ yāran tār kyāh gáyi
sŏnan jāy ráṭ aṅdmazāran
tátI-bŏna yāran nĕndạr pĕyi
tim chi tati ásI yĕti chi prāran ...

85

tas rós madạnas mĕti kyāh provuy
nāhạkay dil ti myon rovuy-ye

ăyīna ḍabi myāni dāntuv zoluy
kukilav yūrhas oluy-ye
tas na madanas kăṅsi tiy bovuy,
nāhạkay dil ti myon rovuy-ye

83

All hill-sides are in bloom
And almond blossom is everywhere.
I heard a crow whisper to me:
"Thy Love hast fled from thee
When spring is abroad and thou art in
prime."
Have I not cause to grieve,
And should he not heed my plaint
When hill-sides are in bloom
When almond blossom is everywhere?

84

The fields are green again in the spring;
Why should our friends be so late to come?
In far-off graveyards the iris is in bloom,
It is there our friends have gone to sleep.
They are there and, ah me! we are here—
waiting for them.

85

What am I worth now that my Love is
away?
Have I given away my heart in vain?
My (body is a) balcony with glass-panes
and ivory eaves,
Where turtle-doves have woven their nest,
(And filled it with amorous cooing for Love),
But alas! he does not know and keeps away.

86

kyạh karạ rūdum su vanạnạy pherān
sorān chumno ādạnuk sreh
kukilā āsạs thari ol yerān
sontạci vuzạmali gạndnam reh
zulfạke grāyi sạtI gyūr chum gerān
sorān chumno ādạnuk sreh

(ārnimāl)

87

dūri rūdum andūri vantay
vantay vĕsI yiyināsan
dūri dópnam gạchạvó vantay
çūri rūdum manz lāsan
mūri nār chum kahI lalạvantay
vantay vĕsI yiyināsan

88

vantạ kavay dūri rūdum
yānI mĕ mólum ṭūri çāndun
dóbI-vānạ chólum tạ chókum
krūṭh pyom yārạdod
chalạ-chŏkh nāhạkay rāvạm

—Arnimāl

86

He keeps away, roaming the woods, ah me!
What can abate the ardour of my youth?
I was a *kukil* weaving my nest on a bough, unconcerned.
When, in the springtime, lightning lit up a flame in me,
And the curl of his locks whirled me in the eddy of love.
What can abate the ardour of my youth?

87

He held aloof, 'mid distant woods,
Say friend, will he not come?
He cried to me, "Let's to the woods";
But he is fled far away[1] from me,
And my bosom is burning with the fire of love.
Say friend, will he not come?

88

Say friend. why he kept away
When I, a budding maiden, had bathed me in sandal-oil?
At the wash-house I washed and rinsed my clothes.
See how pitiless and cruel he was!
He did not come,
And all my washing and rinsing was in vain.

1. Lit. to far-off Lhasa.

89

vǒlạ myāni rindo
çě pataị drāyas gindāne
nāvas lagay bo
hāvasạ-zuv chas vandāne
vatạ chas vuchān
çě patạ rāvạm nēndạr tạ neh
hāvtam dīdār
bo dūrěrạ cāni chas galāne
—Haba Khotūn.

90

gaçhtạ hay věsī lola tahạnde
chamnạ něndạr tạ neh
kāçạzūn zan kājī bo gājnas
vuchtạ tās mā sreh
bāli prạchām lolạ hākī-mas
kyāh chu yělāj mě
torạ dópnam çěd chě karạnī
khūni-jigar cě
yām vuchim zuluf tahạndī
shām sapud mě
lānī çūran vunạ vājim
kuni ām na neh

91

hā matay hārī-ye matay
tas yāras patay rāvạm něndạr tạ neh
chǒkh yārī loynam kartạji khatay
chǒkạnạy yělāj lóbum nạ keñh
chas chǒkạlad lāras yāras patay
tas yāras patay rāvạm něndạr tạ neh

89

Come, my Hedonist,
I came out to sport with thee.
Thy very name I adore,
I offer my dear life to thee,
I keep gazing at thy path,
I've lost all sleep and rest for thee.
O come,
Thine absence is wasting me.

90

Go to him, my friend,
For Love I have no sleep nor rest.
Like the pale wan moon, I am wasting away,
See, he does not requite my love.
I said to my Love,
"Physician, what's the cure for me?"
"No cure, thou must suffer," he said;
"Thou must suck thy heart's blood".
Since I saw his long black locks
I've been overwhelmed with gloom;
My thoughts are in a whirl,
And I do not find any rest.

91

Come, O come, Myna dear:
I have lost all sleep and rest,
I have found no balm for the wounds of love.
Wounded and stricken am I,
Yet must I pursue my Love,
For I have lost all sleep and rest.

92

mati shīnzan galạyo
balạyo cāne yinay
çhaṅjām sārI jangalạyo
yitạ yūrI dĕvạ balạyo
yikhnatay sūrho malạyo
balạyo cāne yinay

93

bȧ ti no durĕr con zaray
bāl marāyo marāyo

chum khafạ[1] lāray patạ
lāyay broṅṭhạnālas thaph
dāmānạ raṭay mahsharay....

sharmaṅda thȧvthas āphtābo
kārtikạc zūn
kājI cāni gȧjis lȧjsạ daray....

hāriṅji bumbạ cāni
lāyān rumạrumay tīr
vāliṅji kārI-nam paṅjiray....

1. Khafkhan

92

Love, I waste away like melting snow,
I can recover only if thou wilt come.
I have scanned the woods in quest of
  thee ;
If thou wilt come, I may revive,
Or else, I'll despair and die.

93

I shall die through thy neglect, Love ;
I cannot bear separation from thee.

I cannot rest ;
I must pursue thee,
I must hold thee fast by the collar of thy robe ;
Canst thou escape me at the Judgement-day ?

I am the *Katik*[1] moon,
Thou art my Sun.
Yearning for thee, I have waned ;
I wait expectantly for thee.

Thy brows, " bended bows ",
Dart arrows every moment at me
And make a lattice of my heart,
Piercing numberless holes in it.

1. October-November. Autumn.

94

bo sharmi gȧjis shar mĕ gomo
kar mĕ zonum hāy
az kȯr mĕ karmạlon saray....

yĕth lolạbāgas zakhmi dil gul
sarvạ chu myon āh
ashivāni sạtī joyi phiray....

hĕsạ vĕsạrāvthas mārạmatyo
vĕsạ kamū chay
timạ chā myāni khŏtạ sŏṅdaray....

—Rasul Mīr.

94

bulbul phirākạvanī dyū gulan
antan su madanvār

khumār kyā chus yĕmbạrzalan
harnan karān shikār
shikārạ tahạṅde jaṅgal alan....

rāh kyā lȯdnam mĕ gāphilan
bozān chum no zār
mārī ȧsī tamī-sạndī tagophulan....

subuh āv tay nūr ho phŏlan
sārī chi vŏmedvār
nazạre tahạnde bemār balan....

95

For a long while I realized not
The pain and disgrace of unrequited love;
But now I know fate has overtaken me.

In the garden of love the wounds of my heart are the flowers,
And my sighs are the cypress,
With tears of mine I shall fill the garden brooks.

Thou hast benumbed my senses, Love,
Who are thy friends?
And are they lovelier than I?

94

O lovelorn *bulbul*, scan the flowers,
And bring unto me my Love.

A glance shot from his eyes doth slay the deer,
How wanton are his eyes!
Forests quake, deer shake with fear
When ahunting he goes,
(with darts of love from his wanton eyes).

What has been my offence?
Why doth he not heed my plaint?
His indifference is a death agony to me.

The morn is come,
The rose of dawn is blown; and
All are filled with hope.
My only hope is a kind glance
Shot from his wanton eyes.

95

bedardạ dādi cāni sūr ho sapạdān
sŏy lay mȧṭhạyo myāni yāro lo lo

silāh gaṅjām ālam çhaṅjām
gaṅjām sīnạ-sipāro
har tāri āshkạne mĕ soz vāyāy
suy soz mȯṭhuyo myāni yāro lo lo

Mȧjnūn khaçāv Nȧjdạke bālo
trāvān ashine çālo
Lāl ho āyisay sŏrmạ ta sāzo
thȯd vŏthu myāni mahārāzo lo lo

96

āyĕs bo nīrith shokạ cāne
cārith vuchimay bumay
mĕ koṅchmay cĕ lȯgạyo
Rumạrĕshun āy
dāy kȧmI dyutạyo
chay nạ pherān māy

—Arnimāl.

95

O Heartless One,
The fire of thy love is burning me,
And thou hast ceased to requite my love.
I girt on a sword
And a breastplate I donned,
I wandered about the world in search of thee;
(But thou wert to be found nowhere, Love).
I tuned all my heartstrings for thee
And thou hast turned indifferent to the tunes of my love.
For La'ila Majnūn climbed the hills of Nejd,
Shedding copious tears:
Thy La'ila has come bedecked herself to thee,
Arise my Bridegroom,
Come out to meet thy bride.

96

I ran away from home to thee;
Thou didst knit thy brows
And spurn my love.
Who counselled thee to spurn my love?
Still did I pray: "Long mayest thou live!"

97

cham lādan laṭi aki yiyinā
haṭikuy vaṅdasay rath
rāvi ādan pādan pĕmosay
lati kavạ kárnam lath

vanạkas vĕsiye sŏnạ cham gelān
yĕnạ yārI trävnam karạnI kath
shĕyi yār äsI-tan tūshtanī parạzĕn
toti cham vŏṅdạsạy sath

—Arnimāl

98

as may vĕsI myon hyū kas gav
yĕs gav masvali gȯndur havāy
robạkhānạ bihthạy dárI-cas ṭhas gom
zonum osh mā āṅgan çāv
yār nay ḍyūṭhum vālinji ças gom

97

I have a longing keen:
Were he to come but once,
I'd shed my life-blood for him.
I was a flowering creeper.
O why did he trample me under his foot?
Away from him, I fear me,
I'd droop and pine
and age in youth.
I would entreat him to come,
I would fall at his feet,
(I am so held in thrall).
My rivals laugh at me:
Friend, whom can I tell?
He is no longer on speaking terms with me.
Yet long may he live
and give joy to my rivals!
What sustains me is the thought
that he is happy and well.

98

Do not laugh at me, friend.
Who has been so miserable as I?
Drunk with the sensuousness of youth
And in my very prime,
I have been deserted by my Love,
Who is mad on someone else.
Waiting for him in the front parlour,
I heard a tapping at the window-pane,
Methought the loved One had entered my
courtyard;
It was not he, and
My heart within me sank.

99

sŏnạ cham gelān kuni chum na melān
parzĕn sạtI chum khelānī

ȧshkạdādi sūr gav parbatạ shelan
ȧshkạcūr phȯr balạvīrānī
ȧshkạdod hani hani tani chum telan

—Arnimāl

100

zār vantas hā vĕsiy
  bāli rāh kyāh chumay
ārạrost gaçhith rūdum nishi parzĕn
nār gȯnḍạnam yĕna būzum
  nishi parzĕn chumay
tanạnay vĕsi tamidādi chumnạ pakān an
mĕ chu tamạnā bāli tȧhuṅd
  nishi yār gȯçhūmay

—Arnimāl

101

vȯd ami kukile dil myon dȯduy
hā kȧmyū riṅdI būz myon ku kų kū

Lāli tạ MȧjnunI nardas giṅduy
trovun shash-paṅj pyos dukhāl
Lāli huṅd hāvasạ dāvas lȯguy

99

I find him nowhere
And rivals mock at me—
He is sporting with someone else.
The fire of love burns mountain rocks to
  ashes ;
The thief of love rifles the brave ;
Every limb of mine smarts with the pain
  of love.

100

Convey to him my lamentations, friend ;
What is my sin ?
The Cruel One sports with my rivals ;
And envy burns my bosom.
O the pain it gives me !
I cannot eat nor drink.
I deeply yearn for Love ;
Would that he were beside me !

101

The *kukil*[1] wailed :
" Out of the fullness of love's agony I sang,
The Reckless One heard my *ku ku ku*[2]
But did not care."

La'ila and Majnūn played at dice—
She threw six-and-five but scored only a two.
She had staked her heart—and he won.

1. Turtle-dove 2. Coo Coo.

102

vuch tą vĕsI yār myon çóluy
yār day sĕṭhāh móląluy,_chum
racām nālą tą vuchnam hóluy

102

hāy látiy lolan gáymay mūri tay
mátI yĕstą trāvnam pārīzān

taspatą āshąkh kątI gay mátiy
parzĕn sātI chum dĕn kiho rāth
káhI zarą bo bāl mūhąniy pāmay zŏrątay

sątiy bĕyi rūṭh buchnas yāriy
yiyinā vŏndi shar nerĕm nā
yim kāmąkI na zi rozān sāriy
mátI yĕstą ṭrāvnam pārīzān

103

camąkān ŏbrątalą vuząmala zan drāv
āyi grāyi çhāyigátI karān zan āv
ḍoṭhaphól kitha rūd nabąnār baran
gagąrāyi karān çól zan vāv
nehaçhaṭi anigaṭi mushnas shāman
mĕ bāli thovnam suy āmątāv

103

See, friend, my Love has fled;
I hold him dear, so dear;
I would embrace him
But he looked askance at me.

102

My heart has dried within me, friend,
Since Love treats me distantly.

Many are his lovers, mad on him;
He sports with them all night and day—
Can I endure envy's slow-consuming fire?

He was angry with me, again, so soon.
O I have been mauled by Love!
Will he not come?
Will my cravings not be stilled?
These loved Ones are never constant in love.

103

He shone forth like lightning from under
the clouds;
He came and went and came and went away.
He came like hail-stone raining down the rage
of the skies,
And he went thundering by as the storm
sweeps.
Amid the "torrent of darkness" he left me,
Young in years, to suffer, the agony of love.

104

agną gagąna gayi gagąrāyi
nabą mańzą nārą vuząmalą drāyi
antan pī antan pī

āṅgan sānī phójmąç hī
çáṭith lāgas sheri
antan pī antan pī

105

rātas osum lava zan lārith
subąhas právi kĕthą trāvith gom
babąre caman ashi sagąnāvith
āshimót kavą pashināvith gom
savāl kárI-tos hiy gaçhi chāvith

106

yānI hūri mĕ ṭūri çandun mólūmay
tāmat çólūmay yār vĕsī
dapyom āgas bo roshi zāgas
lāgas bo sheri hī
vŏńdąkis bāgas poshāh phólūmay
tāmat çólūmay yār vĕsī

—Arnimāl

104

Fiery thunders burst in the heavens,
And lightnings flashed across the sky;
Go, find me my Love.

My jasmine[1] is in bloom,
I would crown him with a jasmine-wreath;
Go, find me my Love.

105

All night long he was with me
Like dew on a flower;
The sun rose in the morning and he fled.
And since my wanton Love is fled,
Leaving me woe-begone,
I have watered my basil breasts with tears;
Will he not come and
Enjoy my jasmine-body?

106

Hardly had I, a budded houri,
Bathed me in sandal-oil
When Love did flee from me, O friend.
Methought I would lie in wait for my lord
With Jasmine to crown his head—
In the garden of my heart,
A rare flower had bloomed
When Love did flee from me, O friend.

---

1. Lit. The Jasmime in our courtyard

107

ạrI-ni rańg gom shrāvạnI hiye
kar yiye darshun diye

Shamạsŏndạrī pāman lājis
āmạtāvav kotāh gājis
nāmạpāgāmạ tas kus niye
kar yiye darshun diye

kańdạ nābadạ āradmutuy
phańdạ karith çŏlum kŏtuy
khańdạ kārI-nam lūkan thiye
kar yiye darshun diye

suli vŏthav sańgarmālan
lālạ çhāron kohan tā bālan
prārān chas bo tahạnze praye[1]
kar yiye darshun diye.

—Arnimāl

108

adạ kar yiyamtay
barạsay malạrĕv malạrĕv
cĕyināsan mas cāvināsan mas

kami sŏni hävnas tan
kälI hay vuhuvnam
pĕṭh sańgạran

1. Var. ziye

107

I was a full-blown Jasmime; pining
For Love I turned as pale as the *arni* rose;
When will my Love come to me?

He exposed me to people's taunts,
He scorched me with the burns of love;
Who can tell him what I feel?
And will he come to me?

I offered him sugar-loaf and candy sweet,
He enticed my heart and fled.
O wither is he gone?
In the presence of strangers he mocked at me,
And will he come to me?

Let's arise while it is early dawn,
And seek my Love
On hills and mountains high;
I wait expectantly for him,
When will he come to me?

108

When will my Love come to me?
I will fill pitcher on pitcher with wine:
Will he not drink to me?
Will he not let me drink to him?

Up on the hill-side, the other day,
He spoke harsh words to me—
On whom has he set his eyes?
Whose beauty has bewitched his heart?

108

hali chus khaṅjar tay
tīr hay lāynam
poshi paṅjiran

109

padmāni adạ kar yiyam tay
vadạnas chum na çhĕn
ȯsh chas trāvān çāle çāle
mashi kar cham trahan
lashi nārạ zājnas
myūlum ȯsh tȧ an.

—Arnimāl

110

hā çhālạ vĕsī bo ti nay çālay
hālạy halạy ȧnI-ton yār
lolạki bāzārạ niyinam ḍālay
masạchiv yār myon yūrI ȧnI-ton
ŏlfatạ vȧjnas zulfatạ khālay
hālạy hālạy ạnI-ton yār

109

He has shot countless darts of love
at my frail flowery breasts;
Will he not come to me?

109

A *Padmani*[1] am I, yearning for Love.
When will he come to me?
My tears flow fast,
My longing is keen,
My anguish is deep;
And can I ever forget?
My love is a torch-wood flame
burning my inmost bosom
with its fiery leaping tongues.
My sorrow knows no end,
My tears know no break.

110

I will not endure his wantonnesses now,
Friend, bring him soon to me.
From the bazaar of love he fled,
(amid the crowded joys of love),
drunk with the sensuousness of youth
and heedless in his pride.
Love caught me in the meshes of his locks
and moles,
Friend. bring him soon to me.

1. A woman excelling in charms and character.

111

rumą rumą låtiy kava chum mārānī
karinā son pāy āyĕs nīrith bo
nehågaṭi çólmay Sĕndąvāvą trävith
tiy kas nishi hĕką bävith bo

gari bāl drāyĕs sąmāną prävith
kāmąnI prārān lustum doh
pāmąn lājnas gom tambąlävith
tiy kas nishi hĕka bävith bo

—-Arnimāl

112

dil hay nyūnam ḍyūṭhvan nāye
shilą day mushnas rūd kath shāye
gil zālą lāgith çólmay hāye
parzĕv kamavtānI dyut-has dāye
shåch myänI vånI-tos yor pheri nāye
dil hay nyūnam ḍyūṭhvan nāye

111

Friend, why does he want to kill me by inches?
Why does he not feel concerned for me?—
Counting no cost I left my home for him.
In the black gloom of night he was gone,
leaving me alone to brave the wintry winds of the Sindh[1]!
Whom can I bear to tell what has befallen me?

I left my home for him,
bedecked and full of charms,
And, full of yearning,
I waited for him the livelong day;
But he had enticed my heart and was gone,
leaving me alone to bear people's taunts.
Whom can I bear to tell what has befallen me?

112

Have you not seen him
Who stole my heart?
He has robbed me of my heart—
Oh, where is he gone?
Like a tern he caught me in his net—
And he is gone, ah me!
Who has poisoned his ears against me?
Will you not tell him how miserable I am
and make him come back to me?

1. A tributary of the Jhelum flowing through snowy mountains.

113

haçi lȯṁnam nĕndạri haçi maçi
maçhi maçhạbaṅd sȧnith gom
sŏn nyūnam raçi raçi
vunyūb kȧrith gom
vantạ vĕsI vŏnI kus kas paçi

—(Arnimāl)

114

yār day lȧtiye çhāṅḍon kate
bo mate tahạnde gari drāyạso
trāvith çȯlạmay mĕ maṅz vate
vuch tạ vĕsI tas yārạsuṅduy khŏy
yār nay deshan pān . mārạ bote

115

vĕsI paçh nay tahạndĕn kolan
lolan muhI-tay phirI-to-ne
yĕth bavạsarạsạy keṅh nay ṭolan
yāni phȯlI tharĕn gul tānI barạgay
sŏṅdar mā galan ta gŏndar mā ḍolan
lolan muhI-tay phirI-to-ne

—Arnimāl

113

He pulled me by the wrist in my sleep,
And my bracelet pierced my arm.
He robbed me of all my gold
And left me, distraught and wild.
Say friend, whom can one trust?

114

Where shall we seek my Love, friend?
I left my home and hearth for him.
He has deserted me
ere half my life's journey is done;
See friend, how faithless he is!
If I do not find him, shall I not slay myself?

115

Friend, give no credit to his vows;
He ravished my heart and fled.
O can you win him back to me?
What endures in this fleeting world of ours?
As soon as flowers blossom, they fade away.
If lovely maidens died,
Who would care for handsome youths?

116

gāh sapạdān trām ta gāh sapạdan lŏy
be-kolan sạtI thȧvI-zina khŏy
patạ patạ karyāmas yānI mĕ chȯtum mŏy
hatạgȯr yār myon kath gare gav
shām chus zuluph tay subạh yarạsuṅduy rŏy
be-kolan sạtI thȧvI-zina khŏy

117

saṅzạrạ̇ch maṅzvati trävnas shāman
khāman sạtI no thȧvI-ziṅa khŏy
barbukạ āyĕs cākh dimạ jāman
guli-aṅdāman khȯṭnam rŏy
kyāh karạ lājnas lolạcan ta pāman

—Arnimāl

118

vuchtạ vĕsI kahạṅde bo zāyĕs
bāgạni āyĕs kahạṅde tām
dohạ aki mālI-māji nạgrạ harshāyĕs
shāhạrāc äsạs vāçạs gām
sati dohI phīrith mālinĕv anyāyĕs
bāgạni āyĕs kahạṅde tām

116

Now they become copper,
Now they become bronze;
Have nothing to do with those who break
their vows.
I followed him till my hair turned grey:
Which home has he chosen for the nonce—
This Visitor of a hundred homes,
This Inconstant Love?
His locks have the darkness of evening,
His face has the morning light.

117

On the wayside, at dusk, he left me forlorn,
Have nothing to do with the light of love.
My heart is bursting, my garments I'll rend,
My Rose has hid his face from me.
Ah me! I am become an object of taunts
and scorn.

118

See friend, where I was born
and where I was married!

My parents celebrated my marriage
in the city with great eclat:
City-born and bred,
into the country I was married; but
widowed only seven days after,
my parents had to call me back.
See friend, where I was married!

116

dohạ aki shrehạsān[1] mālyun gayāyĕs
dekạbaji kākạni diçnam pām
dĕkạrạch zĕvunuy konạ mŏyāyĕs
bāgạni āyĕs kabạṅde tām

119

kyā vanạyo mati kyā vanạyo
yi gom pānas tạ tī vanạyo
lānyun nyāy chum tạ tī vanạyo
kyā vanáyo mati kyā vanạyo

bāgas myānis bādām phulạyā
ādanạ rāvạs tạ tī vanạyo
kyā vanạyo mati kyā vanạyo

bāgas myānis çerạ phulạyā
veri cāni phójmạ tạ tī vanạyo....
bāgas myānis gilāsạ phulạyā
dilāsạ ditIthamạ tạ tī vanạyo....
bāgas myānis taṅgạ phulạyā
laṅgạ laṅgạ phójsạ tạ tī vanạyo...

مقام بیات

1. Var. sirasan.

117

Once I went to my father's home,
There my brother's wife[1] taunted me
so bitingly that
widowed as I was, I wished
I had died as soon as I was born.
See friend, where I was married!

119

Can I tell thee, Love, can I?
Can I tell thee what I suffer?
I suffer the "abysmal anguish" of Fate[1];
Can I find utterance for my grief?
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

In the garden (of my heart)
Hardly had the almond-tree (of love)
blossomed out
When Death "parted me from Love's caress,"
And the blossom of love was lost for ever.
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

In the garden (of my heart)—
Did the apricot-tree (of love) blossom out
tended and watered by thee?
Did the cherry (of love) blossom out
fondly caressed by thee?
Did the pear-tree (of love) blossom out
in flambeaux of bloom?
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

1. Lit. wife of a rich and fortunate brother.
1. Lit. I have a quarrel with my fate!
I am enmeshed in the tangled web of fate.

118

bāgas myānis ālicą phulạya
lolạci karitham tą tī vanạyo
kyā vanạyo mati kyā vanạyo

119

In the garden (of my heart)
The plum (of love) was in the flush of bloom
When Fate mocked at me,
(And thou wast gone for ever),
And a blight befell the bloom of love.
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

PART III

120*

vothu[1] hā bāgvāno
nav bahāruk shān paidā kar
phŏlan gul gath karan bulbul
tithuy sāmān paidā kar
caman vairān rivān shabnam
çaṭith jāma paraishān gul
gulan tay bulbulan aṅdar
dubārah jān paidā kar
karī kus bulbulā āzād
paṅjiras maṅz ça nālān chukh
ça panạne dastạ panạnĕn
mushkilan āsān paidā kar
chi bāgas jānạwar bolān
magar āvāz chakh byon byon
tihiṅdis ālạvas yā Rab
asar yĕkhsān paidā kar
agar vuzạnāvạhan bāstī gulan haṅz
trāv zīr-o bam
bunyul kar vāv kar gagarāy kar
tūphān paidā kar

—Ghulam Ahmad Mahjūr

*A *gazal* 1. Var. volo=come

PART III

120

Arise, O Gardener!
Let there be a glory in the garden
once again!
Let roses bloom again!
Let *bulbuls* sing of their love again!
The garden in ruins,
the dew in tears,
the rose in tattered leaf—
Let roses and *bulbuls* be kindled anew with life!
Thy wailings avail thee not, O *bulbul*,
Who will set thee free?
Thy salvation thou hast to work
with thine own hands alone.
Birds of the garden are full of song
but each one strikes his own note—
Harmonize their diverse notes, O God,
into one rousing song!
If thou wouldst rouse this habitat of roses,
leave toying with kettle-drums;
Let there be thunder, storm and tempest,
yea, an earthquake!

121

bulbul vanan chu poshan
gulshan vatan chu sonuy

yĕth sāni rańgą vāre
phóll posh vāri vāre
khŏsh-bo tihąńz çŏpāre....

lájmąç phulay chĕ poshan
bāgan vanan tą goshan
bulbul vuchit chi toshan....

virI-kimI tą ṭekąbatąne
suli āy jāy raṭąne
lágI ṭūrI jāma çaṭane...

sómbul vanān bunaphshas
rūzith çą çhāyi chukh kas
van trāv bāg kun vas....

nāgan kŏlan tą āran
joyan tą ābshāran
dyut soz navbahāran....

bāgan kohan tą bālan
nāran nayan tą nālan
kam rańg gul chi khālan....

ańdI ańdI saphed sańgar
devār sańg-i-marmar
mańz bāg sabz gavhar...

121

The *Bulbul* sings to the flower:
"Our country is a garden."

In this our lovely garden
Flowers bloom and bloom,
Wafting abroad their fragrance.

See the flush of bloom
In orchards, woods and glades:
The *Bulbul* gazes fondly
And has his thrill of joy.

Virkim[1] and *tekabatane*[2]
Have early come to bloom,
And buds are bursting everywhere.

The hyacinth says to the violet:
"Why dost thou hide thyself?
Leave the wooded highlands,
Come down to the fields below."

The spring has filled with symphony
Fountains and brooks and hill-streams,
Rills and waterfalls.

To fields, hills and open wolds,
To hollows, glens and meads—
What glow imparts the bloom!

On all sides pinnacles of snow
Like marble ramparts stand
Around a green emerald.

---

1. A sweet-smelling yellow flower which appears in early spring and is found on the high plateau of the valley—colchicum.
2. a kind of narcissus.

bulbul karān gulan gath
bȯmbur yĕmbąrzalan path
kāshirI chi mast mascath....

Mahjūrą des sonuy
bāgāh chu nuṅdąbonuy
ath lol gaçhi baronuy

—Ghulam Ahmąd Mahjūr

122*

poshivaną bāgąc poshągŏṅdȧrI-ye
grąsI-kūrI nāznīn sŏndȧrI-ye
sŏrgąč Hīmāl Kāfąc pȧrI-ye....

āzād vanąci poshethȧrI-ye
mąshką-sątI ṭūrI kȧmI bȧrI-ye
sathraṅg bakshī kȧmI raṅgȧrI-ye....

syȯdsādą jāmą chuy shāmąsŏṅdȧrI-ye
na zi chuy goṭą nay zȧrI-ye
kāçą-zūni zan chiy kālą-ȯbrąkI ṭhąrI-ye....

vanąvąni drāyakh pĕṭh thazȧrI-ye
viginĕv shābāsh kȧrI-ye
caṅgąsāz vāyān chakhay didȧrI-ye....

çĕ tą khŏji-bāyan chā barābȧrI-ye
çĕ gulan sątI dilbȧrI-ye
khŏji-bāyi trȯpąrith dārĕtąbȧrI-ye...

*The poem has been published in the original under the title, A Country Lass.

The *Bulbul* dotes on roses,
On narcissus the bee,
Drunk with the joy of his nativeland
Is the Kashmiri.

Our nativeland, O Mahjūr,
Is verily a lovely garden.
We must love it dearly,
We all must love it dearly.

122

Thou Bouquet of meadow flowers,
O country lass, O sweet, O dear!
Thou Hīmāl[1] of Heaven, thou fairy from Kāf[2]!

Thou flowering creeper of the open wolds,
Who has filled thy buds with fragrance keen?
Who has given thee thy colours divine?

Thy clothes are plain, O lovely lass,
They have no lace nor frill of gold.
Thy wayward locks of hair are like
Black clouds that veil the *Katik*[3] moon.

Singing thou roamest the uplands above,
And fairies thee applaud:
Like the *didar* -lark thou singest.

Can *Khoja*[4] women match thee?
Thou roamest free among flowers:
Khoja women lie confined indoors.

1. Famous for her beauty in Kashmiri legend. 2. Cacausus.
3. October-November. 4. Muslim ladies of the upper classes.

hayihąki ābą chay cashmą bàrI-bàrI-ye
gāṛtąc chay dilāvàrI-ye
sharmi cāni hūrav tārīph kàrI-ye...

daji pĕṭh vuchmakh thòd làdith nàrI-ye
lo lo karān lo-làrI-ye
nari mā losay çūr kàrI-kàrI-ye...

gumą-haçą shūban bumą-vaṅjàrI-ye
chĕ karān gārath gạrI-ye
hĕsi mā rāvay mas-malạrI-ye...

bulhavas may lāg gul-pākàrI-ye
āluçh yuth nay āvạrI-ye
cikącāv panunuy yiną rāvạrI-ye

—Ghulam Ahmad Mahjūr

*123

kar çą phŏląham tą lo gulābo lo
shar mĕ çalihĕm tą lo gulābo lo
vāri husnąci nav bahāras manz
kar çą phŏląham tą lo gulabo lo
thari bāgas loląkĕn camąnan
mąshk maląham tą lo gulābo lo
guli lālas naząki sāzą
dāg çalihĕm tą lo gulābo lo

*Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.

Thy looks bespeak modesty;
Thy honour gives thee unfailing strength;
Thy bashfulness wins thee fairies' applause.

I see thee, thy sleeves rolled up,
weeding the cornfield[1], and
singing amorously.

Thy brows bejewelled with beads of sweat,
Bewitch our hearts;
Thou Pitcher of Wine, I fear me,
Thou scatterest my wits away.

Be fast in faith, O lovely Rose,
Let not langour or pride of charms
Come in thy way of enjoying youth.

123

When wilt thou bloom, O Rose?
When wilt thou fulfil my heart's desire?
When wilt thou bloom, O Rose,
In the garden of my beauty
at the flowering time of youth?
When wilt thou waft thy fragrant breath
over the flower-beds of my desire?
In the red poppy of my heart.
there is a dark stain of despair:
When wilt thou wipe the stain
from the red poppy of my heart?

1. Lit. Art thou not tired with weeding the fields?

ȧshkạpecān nāzạnīn sarvaṡ
pān valạham tạ lo gulābo lo
yĕth jismas tạ ruhạsạy yĕkhsān
tithạ ralạham tạ lo gulābo lo

—Asad Ullah Mīr

124

çĕ begānạ loguth bo devānạ conuy
çĕ parvā na myonuy bo parvānạ conuy
çạ phŏrmān kartam bo phŏrmān conuy
phiraynā bo zāh-ti jānānạ conuy
kȧrạm ȧshkạnis maikadas maigusāri
ba-gardish vuchum cȧshmi-paimānạ conuy
muçar kuṅz kulfan çạ karu vāshạ zulfan
yih sad-cāk dil myon chiyo shānạ conuy
çạ chukh pākh bātin Rasā-jāvidānī
chalan ahl-i zāhir chi dāmānạ conuy

—Abdul Qudūs Rasā-javidāni.

I am a cypress, tall and lean:
O Rose, when wilt thou twine round me
thine ivy bonds of love?
My body craves for thee and
so doth my soul:
I would, O Rose, thou didst make
thy body and soul one with mine!

124

I love thee dearly: thou disregardest me.
I flee[1] to thee: thou flee'st from me.
What wouldst thou? Command, I will obey;
Thy bidding I will do.
I drank my fill at the tavern of love:
I found thy wanton eyes bedew the cups
of wine.
Unplait thy tresses lovely:
Rent into a hundred toothed rents
(by the keen darts of love),
My heart will serve thee for a comb.
Thy heart is pure, O poet,
What carest thou if they speak ill of thee?

1. Lit. as a moth doth to the candle-flame.

125*

bāli ça vantạ dilbaras
vādạ panun vŏfa kare
trāvi malālạ hāvi rŏy
thāvi kadam kathā kare

vasmạ kārith khañjar bumban
çāv ba-nāz dar caman
yāmbạrzalan tạ bādạman
phazạl panun Khŏdā kare

raham tạ ār chā yiman
sañgdilan tạ zāliman
zāni Khŏdā kaman kaman
mañzi naman phidā kare

ami añdāzạ āy sanam
tul mạ nikāb çā dam-badam
bañdạ paran śanam sanam
kābilạ tạ K'abạ kyāh kare

Azādas chu lolạzar
tashnạ çè thovạthan agar
vuchtạ su ālạmas añdar
tāza kayāmathāh kare

—Abdul Ahad Azād

*A gazal

125

Friend, plead with my Love:
"May he keep his word,
forgive my offence,
come to me,
stay awhile and
talk to me!"

See how airily he comes into the garden,
his arched eyebrows dyed!
God help the poor narcissi—
fair damsels almond eyed!

Mercy and pity they have none—
these cruel and pitiless ones.
God knows how many hearts he sets on fire
with the henna flame of his finger-tips.

Lift not thy veil so wantonly
(let not thy glory be seen);
Lovers will cry, "O Love! O Love!"
forgetting both God and world.

The fever of love consumes Azād;
And if thou dost not fulfil his desire,
He will raise a hell,
regardless of all restraint.

126*

bālī su hay chu be-vŏfạ
myon amār kyāh karẹ
sorạvạnis mŏhabatas
zor tạ zār kyāh kare

nār yĕmis hĕtun manas
vār ti chus nạ vanạnas
nālạ dinas tạ veh khĕnas
vantạ su ār kyāh kare

nāz chi vāri maṅz calan
tāzạ gulan tạ sȯmbulȧn
yāri vanan tạ räyilan
poh tạ hār kyāh karẹ

nerạ bo sīna dārI dārI
zindạpān mārI mārI
tīr-kamān cārI cārI
mīr shikār kyāh kare

poshi caman chi dar khumār
bādi sabā chu be-karār
nĕndrihatĕn aṅdar bĕdar
ākhạrkār kyāh kare

Azādas chu lolạtab
bīlī hurān chu roz-u-shab
zāni Khọ̆dā su tashnạlab
lolạbĕmār kyāh kare

—Abdul Ahad Azad

* A gazal,

126

All vain is my love:
He is faithless,
His ardour is abating;
All vain is my lamentation.

My heart is on fire:
Can love be told?
But shall I not cry,
Shall I not slay myself?

The new-blown rose and the hyacinth
need tending in the garden:
Be it the heat of *Har* or the frost of *Poh*,
what cares the Himalayan spruce?

I'll go forth, my bosom bared,
prepared to die:
What care I how tensely-drawn
is the bow of the archer of love?

The morning breeze is restless, but
the flowers are dozing in the garden:
All vain is love's restlessness
where there is no response.

The fire of love burns Azād
all day and night;
God knows what he, athirst for love,
may do, out of despair!

127*

yāṛạdāde yȧç dȯvum
  tāpay dȯdum tālyun vĕsī
hāṛạmāsay Lāṛạ āyĕs[1]
  kȯt lȧjis Shālyun vĕsī

suli vile gari drāyĕs
  Tulạmulice mālạye[2]
Lasạjanay dȯh mĕ lūsum
  buthi pyom Shālyun vĕsī

shȧ tạ dȧh sāmāna pạrith
  çhĕtạ kȧrnas vĕtạ bāl
nāṅạkay vāriv bo āyĕs
  gom kȯt mālyun vĕsī

pŏñ āsith yĕkh baneyĕs
  zambạvāṛạki chambạ bo
yĕkhạkhānas kar pĕyam vŏñ
  tāph rĕtạkālyun vĕsī

yī vȯvum tay tī bȯvum
  nāhạkay dȯvum ḍorĕn dajĕn
piṅgạ vȧvI vȧvI soṅtạ
  hardas shol chā lonan vĕsī

* Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.
1. Var. hari-masay Lari-pasay. 2. Var. Tulamule suli drayes Kakaporace malaye

127

Far and wide I roamed for Love:
In the blazing July sun
I left the cool comfort of Lār[1],
I strayed into the Shālyun[2] waste.

At early dawn I left my home
drawn out by love of God.[3]
Not far from home[4], my path grew dark,
Desolation[5] stared me in the face.

Rich in youth and charms and gifts[6]
I came to my husband's home;
My ardour cooled at his neglect—
O where is gone my father's home?

I was a merry brook,
flowing frolicsome and free;
But I froze at the glacier steep—
O when will the bright sunshine
thaw my icy captivity?

Whatever I sowed, I reaped:
All fruitless was my fret and fume.
Whoever sowes tares in the spring,
How can he in autumn reap the wheat?

1. A village, 16 miles to the north of Srinagar. 2. Till recently a waste tract to the south of Srinagar. 3. Lit. Tulamula, a sacred Hindu shrine. 4. Lit. at Lasajan, about five miles south of Srinagar. 5. Lit. Shalyun waste. 6. Lit. the usual sixteen ornaments.

136

aṅdi kar dŏkh kaṅdi huṅduy
  zarạkotah zar tạ josh
adŏre maṅḋori lȯdmut
  dār arkhālyun vĕsī

dȯr adȯr bȯzun vĕḏȯr vŏdur
  rozun chu pȧzIkinI pazạnas pȧzIsạy
nār prath dāras chu
  kāyur āsI-tan yā lyun vĕsī

bavạsarạkis mĕvạzāras
  bulbulan zāh çuh nạ phal
lolạcav tas ālicav rọṭ kȯr tas
  raṅg gŏrdālyun vĕsī

—Lachman ~~Bhat~~ Raina Nāgām

128

mārạmati tārum kaṭhinĕn tāran
prārān chasạyo bāl
yitạ ditạ darshun ȯsh chas hāran ..

vupạ chum ȧṅdạrī reh kavạ çhoran
zālith çạni kārịtham
kalạ pĕṭhạ çhat kȧḍ lolạkI nāran ......

çhĕnạ yĕnạ goham tanạ chas gȧjmạç
zūn zan darạ lȧjmạç
ȧnI sạndI-pāṭhI chas vatạpȧdI sāran....

hradạyiki Wŏlạrȧkī pamposh phȯlImạtI
bȯmbạrav vȯlmut nāl
cānī pūzi kitI posh chas çhāran...

137

When will the miseries of the body end,
and the fever and fret of life?
This unsound mansion of the body
is built of *arkhur*[7] wood.
Soft or hard—would it matter
when the deeper truth be known?
Fire burns all woods,
Lyun[8] and *kayur* and all other kinds.
Of this world's orchard
Bulbul tasted not the fruit:
Disappointment turned his red cherry
into the pale-yellow wild plum.

128

Lead me across the shoals of life, O Lord,
I await Thy lead.
O come! I cry, I weep.
The fire of Thy Love is burning me,
Its fury has lapped me in flames.
How can it now abate?
Away from Thee I wait and wane
like the westering moon;
Away from Thee I stumble and grope
in the dark like the blind.
In the lake[9] of my heart, lotus has blossomed
and bees are swarming;
I am gathering the flowers of love
to lay at Thy feet.

7. A soft, thorny tree: fig. cactus. 8. 'lyun' is hard to burn while 'kayur', blue pine, is easy to burn.
9. Lit. In the Wular of my heart. Wular is the biggest lake of Kashmir.

āraval hish chas barą zan gāmąç
garąkun drāmąç kal
yāvun çól çhĕph diç lŏkącāran...

vànI-vànI vaną-vaną kunIzànI drāyas
çày patą sąhąsąṅdI-pāṭhI
yàndràyi hūnI hĕth patą-patą lāran....

madąno az natą adą kar laląvath
hradąyuk vuphąvun praṅg
Sĕndąbaṭhi vathąray kulI-shĕhjāran....

--Dayārām Góṅjū

129

suli phŏląkhā gul-i āphtābo
sagąnāvath dŏdąke ābo lo
con raṅg kàmI gamąnąy kórmut zard
tami gamąkuy chuy tabątābo lo
chuy sīnas kami kīną gomut dāg
kavą zardī chay hardą bronṭh pemąç
barą gaçhąnas chuy iztirābo lo
āphtāb votųy bar sar-i koh
darą doh lóg kari kyā Wahābo lo

—Abdul Wahāb Hājin

I have turned pale as the *arni*-rose,
My youth and charms are fled—
I long to come home to Thee.

In the bewildering jungle of world's allurements,
I hunt Thee alone as a lion doth his prey
with the hounds of my senses in hot pursuit.

When, O when, shall I rock Thee
in the winged cradle of my heart?
When, O when shall I receive Thee
face to face, at the cool tryst of love[1]?

129

Thou hast blossomed early,
O Sunflower.
I will water thee with milk:
I will tend thee lovingly.
What sorrow has turned thee pale?
Dost thou too bear an anguished heart?
Dost thou too bear envy's dark stain?
Why hast thou turned pale
before autumn's inevitable decay?
Why dost thou "haste away so soon"?
The sun is about to set
behind the mountains of the west, and
The poet is growing anxious
for his journey on the morrow.

1. Lit. At a cool shady spot in the Sind Valley.

130*

bāzI kȧrtham bāzIgāro
lŏkạcāro lo lo
be-vasā be-yetibāro...
thȯvtham nạ yĕkhtiyāro
hävItham sŏnạkoh
vuchI mĕ tim az saṅgạkhāro...
navi vuchmakh nav bahāro
hyȧç mĕ poshān bo
gul chi vunI-kĕn kȧndI tạ khāro...
ädI osukh RȧmbI-āro
yīrạvālān koh
chiy vŏthān vunI-kĕn gubāro....
ȧy Wahāb be-yetibāro
chuk çạ mārān çhoh
kharci rāh kar keṅh tayāro...

—Abdul Wahāb Häjin

131

vȯnum āran bȧ chus lāran
yi yāvun chum dŏhan tāran
diluk taskīṅ chus çhāran...
mĕ āgur trov chus doran
mĕ soz-o sāz chā moran
chu sāz-e zindạgī āran....

Chronologically, it belongs to an earlier time.

130

O youth, thou hast deceived me:
Thou art a deceiver, and
"in faith never fast."
When I was young, thou didst make
mountains glitter like gold:
Now I am old, and
they are just rock and stone.
When I was young, thou didst make
flowers bloom in the springtime:
Now I am old, and
they are just thorn and weed.
Only the other day,
it was a mighty hill-torrent,
driving along boulders in its fury:
Soon the flood is past, and
its dry bed raises a cloud of dust.
O poet, thy life won't last,
Thy pleasures won't endure,
Think of thy long journey ahead.

131

The hill-stream goes a singing:
"I come dashing along
To find my haven of peace,
(While I am young and strong,)
For youth will not endure.

"I gush forth from my source,
My flow doth not abate,
I feel a zest for life,
Life ever doth urge me on.

mě chā prārun mě chum çhārun
kaněn pěṭh khūn-i dil hārun
sukūṅ nāyāb hushyāran....

mě khāmī cham javānī cham
karān ham ham bȧ chus bam bam
guhar paidā chu damdāran....

mȧhitas saṭī gaçh väsil
diluk taskiṅ banī häsil
dil-ė ārif guhar hāran....

—Ghulām Hasan Beg

132

thari posh ȯn kati, kȧnḍī äsī mā vati
yorạ vȯnmas orạ asān chum
tul khamạ hardạkizorạ poshan,
khěyi dilan tas grāy
vȯd ālạman ati.
khȯt pān poshan, byol phȧlis çāv,
hěçan vath
zulmāt maṅz vati....
lȧb zindạgī poshan,
mȧshith gav byol dar zulmāt
shāh athạchānī ati....

"I splash along my way.
I strike the rocks, I bleed,
I do not rest, I strive;
Vigilance knows no rest.

"I am yet young and wild,
I fret and fume and roar;
It is the silent deep
That bears the priceless pearl.

"In the ocean vast,
One finds one's haven of peace."
This is what Arif[1] says,
These are his precious gems.

132

I said to the flower:
"Where dost thou come from?
How dost thou crown the spray?
And what thorns come in thy way?"
The flower smiled and said nothing.
I said: "In autumn cold cruel winds blow
and scatter thy leaf;
Thou dost strike the tent on thy unknown
march with pangs of separation in thy heart;
The whole world shares thy grief.

"Then thou dost hide thyself
in a grain of seed, lying underground.
Soon the sprout shoots forth,
While the seed lies in the dark beneath,
lying where kings are soon forgot.

1. The Poet's pen-name

hamsāyi poshas çhāy tay kȧndI,
zar tą jigąruk dāg
bȧsIti yihay ati....

os gŏn̈ci, sapun posh,
banyov mĕvą, kȧrin vih,
prath ran̈gą çay ati,
yorą vȯnmas orą asȧn chum

—Ghųlām Hasan Beg

133

neri vĕsiye lālą mā dūre
tambąlovnam hūre pān

māji zāyas khan̈dą kȯstūri
āmi dŏday dyuțnam sag
yihŏy pān gom rāh musāfire....

mąsvali bągąs doțh pyom phuląye
çenū pāno bram samsār
lan̈ji hŏchi tay mĕvą kyuth nere....

drāyi kukilā hąli mādānas
sŏ chĕ karān Gū-vĕndą Gū',
sŏ ti lȧjmąç vāląvāshi hure....

1. Var. Ku Kù Ku

"But thou dost bloom and bringest light and joy
among Shade and Thorn and Heartache—
It's among them that thou must live.

"Thou wert a bud a moment ago,
Thou art a flower now,
And, a moment hence, thou wilt blossom
out into fruit—
How many forms thou dost change,
And yet behind all forms thou art the same!"
The flower smiled and said nothing.

133

He has enticed a *houri's* heart—
Come friend, let us run after him
Lest he should fly away.

A mother's darling I was born,
fed on milk and sweats:
Now I am plodding on my dreary way,
unfriended and alone,

A hailstorm blighted my garden bloom,
It withered the blossom and fruit-tree
boughs—
Illusive have been my hopes and joys—
Can my withered boughs yield any fruit?

(I was) a *kukil* (who) flew forth in the fields,
free and sweetly cooing,
And lo! was entangled in a snare.

146

yārī loynam zäviji mūre
pūçi çóṭnam pāṭI aṅzul
gachạ mālyun su ti chum dūre....

yānī khȧçạs yāvạnạni gure
tānī zazạriy vólnam nāl
balāy zazạris tạ zazạrini tạre...

134

yim zār vanạhas bardār
karsanạ su yār boze
yā tuli khaṅjar tạ māre
na tạ sāni shabā roze

mas dyutnam kalạvālan
chivạrāvnas akiy pyālan
chum dūri rūzith zālan
karsanạ davā soze

kyā mati góy myon kīnay
ātashi bórtham sīnay
āshakh kamisanạ dīnay
mārun ravā roze

147

I am (helpless and disgraced like) a woman
Who is whipped with a stinging switch,
Whose headgear[1] is torn by her lord and love,
And who would in her parents' home
    protection seek,
But it is far away and she can't go,

I was in the flower of my age
When decay entwined me with its withered
    stem—
A curse upon premature decay and the cold
    shivers it gives!

134*

At his threshold my wailings I would utter,
O when will my Love listen to me?—
I would that he did slay me,
Or else requite my love.

The Brewer of love gave me a cup of wine,
A single cup made me delirious and drunken,
I could not contain myself for joy;
But now he keeps off and causes me pain—
O when will he give me another draught
    of the wine of love?

Love, why art thou angry with me?
Thou hast filled my breast with the smart
    of love.
Is it fair to let me suffer and die[2]?

1. Lit. Silk fringe of a part of headgear.
2. Lit. What religion allows the slaying of the lover?
*Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.

bihith khalvath khānas
mushtākh pānay pānas
āshakh manz vārānas
māshokh tanhā roze

bulbul bihith bā gul
mushtākh az gul bilkul
nay rozi bulbul tą nay gul
akh lolą kathāh roze

kyā mati kārItham sitam
Nāzim chu prārān yitam
chus tashną darshun ditam
yin dam ną pagāh roze

—Abdul Ahad Nāzim

135

masvalan kiç dūr hěth
drāmut bā chus bāzāriye
keṅh vŏząlI keṅh nīlī
keṅh gŏlābI keṅh anāriye
shūbąrāviv dūrąkan
husnas tą lolas çhoh diyiv
jal yiyiv keṅçhāh niyiv
keṅçhāh diyiv sodāh hěyiv

Alone, in a lonely tower,
The beloved sits, unconcerned for love;
While the lover roams desolate plains,
Will the beloved keep aloof from him?

The *bulbul* nestles close to the rose,
Doting on it and deep in love;
Soon the *bulbul* and the roses die,
Only a memory of love remains.

How cruel thou hast been to me!
Athirst for love, I am waiting for thee,
O come and show thyself—
This hour won't last,
Tomorrow brings another day.

135*

I have ear-rings to sell,
Some red, some blue, some pink;
Let Love and Beauty meet
To make the most of life.
Come buy, come buy, come buy.

*'Love's Pedlar.

shūbạvạnī zāvilī tạ āvilī
masta ȧṅdạrī zotạvạnī
tȧhạndi lolay ānimạtī chim-
asnạkĕn dyāran kạnạnī
jal yiyiv zan bagạ-babạrĕn
nāgạ-didạray hish pĕyiv
jal yiyiv keṅçhāh niyiv
keṅçhāh diyiv sodāh hĕyiv

lolạke dūkānạ ānim
husnạ-bāzāras kạnakh
shokh yas yas āsi hĕn
jal jal mŏkạlāvith çhạnakh
bālạpānas lolạki sogāth
shūbān chiv niyiv
jal yiyiv keṅçhāh niyiv
keṅçhāh diyiv sodāh hĕyiv

kyāh vanav tāsir kyuth
dyutmut chu dūran kŏdratan
dŏn bĕzānĕn dil nivan
aki grāyi tambạlāvan chu man
dūr hĕy-ve raṅgạ raṅgay
dūr hay chiv dūr chiv
jal yiyiv keṅçhāh niyiv
keṅçhāh diyiv sodāh hĕyiv

I have ear-rings to sell,
Precious and pretty and fine;
Beneath the flowing hair
They shine as jewels do shine;
They cost a winsome smile.
Come buy, come buy, come buy.

When amorous springtime comes
Round basil *didar* larks flock:
In their prime of youth
Let maidens flock to buy
These lovely ear-rings.
Come buy, come buy, *come buy.*

They are Love's offerings,
They are for lovely maids,
They have a mighty charm,
They lure the lovers' hearts.
Ear-rings, my ear-rings!
Come buy, come *buy, come buy*

moką chu azkal zarā nȧzI-dīkh
 yithI dūrąy hĕnuk
harud vātith shokh rozyā
 bulbulan çhoh mərąnuk
lol zāliv roshi roshe
 kath kȧriv nąbad khĕyiv
jal yiyiv keṅçhāh nịyiv
 keṅçhāh dīyiv sodāh hĕyiv

—Nand Lal Ambardar

136

sumran panąnI diçānam
premuk nishāną vĕsiye
rȧçhrun tȯgum ną rovum
osum ną bāną vĕsiye
vāliṅji maṅz thavun gȯçh
hāvun thȯvum athas pĕṭh
rāh kas chu, kȯr mĕ pānas
nŏkhsān pāną vĕisye
hāvun chu rāvąrāvun
cāvuk samar chĕ khāmī
thāvan zi chāvą bāpath
bānan chi ṭhāną vĕsiye
yaną suy nishāną rovum
taną mąç gȧmąc tą phalvā
nyun hyȯn ną keṅh ti, phetān
chas vāną vāną vĕsiye
vĕsrun panun vanas kyā
buth mā samĕm dȯhas thī
kunI zȧnI timan vatan maṅz
gachą kọt shabāną vĕsiye

Make haste to buy ear-rings,
This is the time to buy:
This is the time to love;
Soon autumn will set in
When flowers fade away
And love is soon forgot.
Come buy, come buy, come buy.

136

Friend, He gave me a love-token
 in memory of our plighted troth.
I did not keep it safe,
I did not prove worthy of it.
I should have lodged it in my heart,
But I kept it open to vulgar gaze,
And brought about the loss myself—
 who is to blame for my loss?
Showing is losing, friend,
Impatience leads to imperfection:
The kettle must be lidded tight
 to cook the rice on the boil.
Ever since I lost the love-token
I've been distraught and wild:
I cannot find the like of it
 though I go about from shop to shop.
How can I explain my remissness,
My slips and falls and going astray?
How can I face Him in the day?
And yet I cannot go to Him, alone,
 in the dark danger-infested night.

yaçh paçh mą hār byākhā
hěth yūrI vāti kāñçhā
tas chā kāmī nishānan
bārI bārI khazānąą věsiye
dolan kohan vanan manz
sholan chi gulshanan manz
zotañ chi tarąkan manz
kātyāh nishānąą věsiye
věsrith dālith pathar pěth
buth; kyā dimav tāmis nish
pōt pherąnąkI pakan chā
yithI hī bahānąą věsiye
mānav zi āsI hěmav pōt
choryā tasund muhabath
paivand yi ādąnuk chā
shurI dosątānąą věsiye
dil phutI-mątěn chu toshan
yāç gārI-mątěn chu roshan
gaçh vārI-mątěn Sŏdāman
prąçh gāyibānąą věsiye
āndI-pākhI tātī chu āsan
bŏdąbror Sūrądāsan
bozan chu māy lāgith
loląkI tarānąą věsiye

kěrthāna

—Zinda Kaul

137*

yārąsąnde dādi dōdmut dil
bahāras kyā kare

*A Gazal.

Friend, do not lose faith,
He will send thee another token;
His treasuries are full,
Has He any dearth of love-tokens?
In the forests thick, on mountains high,
In the flush and bloom of gardens gay,
In the scintillation of the stars—
Thou canst find thy love-tokens.
Thou sayest: "How can I face Him
after many slips and falls?"
But these pretexts will not avail
to turn away from Him;
For we may turn away fom Him,
but will He let us go?
And is our eternal troth a child's friendship,
soon made and soon forgot?
Never fear, He is kind to the meek in spirit,
He does not favour the proud of heart[1]!
Thus hath it been with Sudāmą of old,
Who, meek in spirit, won His love;
Thus is it with him who, like Sūrdāsa,
Mid world's dark distractions turns to Him,
And sings His songs of love;
Whilst He, unknown and unseen,
Quietly listens, sitting by.

137

The flowering spring comes mockingly to her
Whose heart is dead for want of Love's caress.

1. Lit. The sophisticated.

vāv yȯdvay soṅt-kāluk āsi
  nāras kyā kare
kāṅsi prārān dāri pĕṭh yụs
  vānsi trāve dāri ȯsh
ābạshāruk tas havas kyā
  Shālạmāras kyā kare
kānsi palạzun kāṅsi huṅd zevar ƀaṅun
  yas yȯċh nạ lānI
sŏn banāvān saṅgipāras
  tas bicāṛas kyā kare
hoshi dȧjmạç joshi vȧċhmạç
  poshi gȧhnan toshi kyā
roshi yas ċȯl osh trāviṭh
  goshivāṛas kyā kare
Kālidāsas tālikānI path kāli
  vȯnmut gāṭạlĕv
tali'an yus log zālas
  gāṭạjāṛas kyā kare
lolạmas zālĕm tạ gālĕm
  yas buḍith mālūm gav
bimạ nashike trāvihe mas
  con, khumāras kyā kare
raṅg hāvith bram divān ȯs
  kahvacan khȯṭ myon sŏn
ȧmI kȯḍus ȧndryum khŏcar nȯn
  lolạ nāras kyā kare

The spring breeze blows soft and cool,
But it fans the flame of a heart that is on fire.
She who waits in vain for her Love's return
And, pining, drowns her eyes in tears,
What desire hath she to see the garden bloom[1],
What desire to watch the fountains play?
Philosophers' stone turns all metals into gold;
But what availeth it to her
Whom Fate has not destined to be her lord's
  ornament,
Whom Fate has destined to pass lonely days and
  nights?
What need hath she of ornament[2],
Whom Death has parted from her lord and love,
Whose ardour is cooled and youth faded away?
We have heard it said of old:
Kalidāsa had to suffer ignominy untold—
All vain is genius to him
Whom fate and misery hold in thrall.
Now that I am old, I realize love's wine lights
  up a flame of all-consuming fire;
Fain would I give it up,
But can I suppress the craving for it?
In the crucible of love dross melted away from
  gold, and I was exposed;
The artificial gilt of my base metal can no
  longer deceive the touchstone.

---

1. Lit. Shalimar garden. 2. Lit. *Dijiharoo*, worn by all Kashmiri Panditanis in token of nuptial bond.

ḍāli nimạhas bālạyāras
ór tạ shód pāthèm nạ dil
çhěnI-mạtis yath dāgdāras
nābạkāras kyā kare
broṅthạ chuy yáç krūṭh máṅzil
gāphilo bas kar mạ zeṭh
yas mátis māgas jigar shāhlěv nạ
hāras kyā kare—

—Zinda Kaul

138

kórum yi ṭāṭhI, kyā vanas
thóvun nạ bākI māraṇas
sŏ rum chě manạ-āyinas
yi kór nạ kānsi dushmanas

sórum su lālạrŏkh manas
jalāv lóg kazal vanas
phórum su nār khạrmanas
lógus nạ keṅh ti zeṭhạnas
dilas hyótun, jigar tatěv,
shor vóth zi nār hā

—Zinda Kaul

I would offer my heart to Love,
But it is not pure nor whole;
With its rents and stains of shame
What use can it be to him?
O Heedless One, stay,
Thy journey is arduous and long;
The fire of thy heart was not quenched by the
frosty winds of *Magh*,
How canst thou bear the blazing heat of *Har*?

138

Words fail me: how can I tell
What my Love has done to me?
It's he has brought me down,
It's he has slain my heart
And caused me the agony of death,
It's he has broken the mirror of my heart—
Could any foe do me worse?
When the flaming image of my Love[1]
filled my heart,
It lighted up a big blazing fire in the dark
forest of my breast;
The fire spread far and wide within, fanned
vigorously and quick,
And burnt all that was there, fondly
treasured by me.
The heart took fire,
Its fiery tongues caught up the liver!
And all who saw did cry:
"Fire, ho! fire!"

1. Lit. Flame-Face.

139

vadihe manush, cāyihe nạ ōsh,
vadạnas' vuchun tāsīr kyā?
hārith ạchivkinI khūn kyā?
chāvith palan sạtI hīr kya?
būzith zi bozān chum nạ kāṅh
phārI-yād karnạc zīr kyā?
lāyith nabas yim tīr kyā?
majbūriyā! lācāriyā!

mōr ānạ ānay chus maran
bŏchi tạri treshe povmut
dādĕv khurĕv bāçav shurĕv
phikirav gamav hŏbrovmut
yim gam çạlith hatI hāvạsan
māçrovmut vĕsạrovmut
kunipĕth khĕvān thak chus nạ man
kath-tanI-kun chus hovmut
rut deshạnay rut zānạnay
çhārān çhu kyā-tām rovmut
mas ñaṅdri maṅz chukh covmut
naphsạnI tạ shokạc—khāriyā!

Man's Lament **139**
(Zinda Kaul)

Man would weep,
He would not gulp down his tears;
But what availed it him to shed his tears?
What availed it him to drop blood from his eyes?
What availed it him to beat his head against a rock?
Knowing that none heeds him,
What drives him on still to sue for help?
What drives him on to shoot his darts at the void?
What compulsion! what helplessness!

Man—momently dying:
By hunger, cold and thirst oppressed,
By disease distressed, by worry harrassed,
By fear and want and woe subdued.
These sorrows o'er, by a hundred desires beguiled,
His unsteady mind, not finding rest in anything here,
Still craves for a Something, though unknown,
The Good not seen by him, nor known by him,
He yet would find as something lost, which he possessed before—
Like one who wakes with a memory dim
Of the taste of wine he had in a dream.
What misery—between want and desire!

kartām kȧmI-tāmat bȯnā
pȯtçhāyi dūre ḍyūṭhmut
sānĕy kanav suy būzmut
sānis dilas suy byūṭhmut
tȧmI-suṅd chu vŏnI durĕr zȧrith
suy zonmut chus rūṭhmut
goshan gupith zan byūṭhmut
lolas chĕ bȧlI bemāriyā!

yȧmI dūri rūzith çūri zan
phambāh lȧdith thȯvmut kanan
zāṅh chā praçhān ahvāl son
zāṅh chā sŏran, zāṅh chā vanan,
"yim kālạgaṭi mĕ trāvmạtI
lāgith chamban chāran vanan
ammā timan gayi kyā vanan?"
husnas nạ keṅh gamkhāriyā!

dapạhȧv manas, "yĕs raç nạ sreh
tȧmI-sạṅz diyī phal vīr kyā?
vyȯd mā ti chuy mā pay-patā
labạnuk karakh tadbīr kyā?"
man chus na mānan pȯt açun
(vāvas karav zȧṅjīr-kyā?
tas tə vuchav takhsīr kyā?
chā lol` yāraphtāriyā?

Someone (they say) descried from afar
The sheen of His halo, in another time.
This our ears have heard,
This our hearts have believed;
And we pine for Him
As for our Love offended and displeased,
Who has fled and hid himself in solitude.
Lovesickness for no reason,
Lovesickness nought availeth.

Keeping aloof, in concealment far away,
To all entreaties deaf,
His ears (as if) stuffed up with cotton wool
Does He ever enquire for us?
Does He ever think of us, ever ask:
"Whom I have cast, mid darkness black,
On precipices steep, in forests thick—
What has befallen them?"
Beauty's wanton indifference.

Man pleaded with his heart:
"He has no love.
Why sue to Him?
Will a willow tree yield thee a pear?
Knowest thou the path that leads to Him?
What means of approach canst thou find?"
But his mind—would it listen?
Would it turn back?
(And who can chain the wind?)
And how is mind to blame?
Is love an idle fancy?

pananuy kanan manz chusạ sadā?
chus nāphạ pānas nish khạṭith
lārān chĕ ammā rūsI-kạṭ
parbat tạ van trāvith çạtith
lārān tithay-pāṭhin chu dil
athạkhor trāvith ạchI vạṭith
mushkhā yivān chas yārạsạnz
lạmI lạmI kaḍān chas şŏy rạṭith.
sūrith ạkis vastas. andar
bĕyi mạnzạ chas nerān phạṭith
shamạhan yạmis hov dūri pān
pāmpur bihā dāman vạṭith?
tas patạ yi mạṭI mạtI neri nā
sath akạlihạndI jamah çạṭith?
(yọdvay ạchiv nish chus khạṭith)
chā husn jodūgāriyā?

hārāniyā! lācāriyā!
naphsạnI tạ shokạc khạriyā!
lolas chĕ bạlI bemāriyā!
husnas nạ kenh gamkhāriyā!
chā lol yāraphtāriyā?
chā husn jodūgāriyā?

—Zinda Kaul

Is the sound in his ears the echo of his Self?
The musk-deer chases the musk,
Within him lodged but hidden from his sight,
Running as only a deer can run
Across the hills and wilds.
So recklessly and fast
Runs the heart of man,
Which scents out his Love.
It will not let him rest,
It still must lead him on
To see Beauty blooming here,
And Beauty blooming everywhere,
Inexhaustible and rare!
When the candle shows its flame,
Can a moth lie still, unconcerned?
Rending Reason's garments seven[1]
Will man not follow up the scent?
(What matters if the Musk be hidden from his sight?)
Is Beauty a 'vain illusive show'?

What bewilderment!
What resistless urge!
What misery—between want and desire!
Lovesickness for no reason;
Lovesickness nought availeth;
Beauty's wanton indifference.
Is love an idle fancy?
Is beauty a 'vain illusive show?'

1. Five Indriyas, manas, and buddhi.

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zuv chum bramān gaçhạhā bo tor
yàti sārivạy day monmut
kuṅ dātạ mālik māj mol
khŏkhạ-bāṭI tārakh vigni yach
trāvith, barān tàsI ot lol
bakhtī prāyam sīvā dayā
shŏd dharạm mānan çhŏṭ tạ mŏṭ
yàṅi dīsh vòth, zal thal vĕshal,
an pan tạ phal mad gĕv vòphūr
dyùtmut dayan tim bāgrān
khĕth chukh hạrān, zānan nạ çūr
bechun maṅgun thaph lūṭh har
zānàn nạ, chukh santūsh sham
keṅh kāṅsi nishi yaçI çòr nạ kam
byàysuṅd vuchith àlIphas nạ bam
yàti kāmkòṭ sārī karān
path chakh seṭhā rozan mŏkal
gindan gĕvan lekhan paran
yàti kāṅh nạ vadạnāvān shurĕn
yàti dIviyay mānān trạyan
yạti kūr gòbras khŏtạ ṭāṭh
yàti nŏsh nạ kāṅh karmas dạyan
adạ kyāzi trāvan zaharạ dạh
adạ kyāzi pĕn asmānạ bam
var.i vāri āṅgan jāyi sāph
àrI pān sŏṅdar nuṅdạbānI
koṅh mā kŏkārav kiṅ kŏkor
sŏrạṇay nạ naphsun vor vor
pashmuk nạ vŏsh, vadạnuk nạ shor
Karạnāvi, tārakh nā apor! —Zinda Kaul

* A selected fragment.

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I long to go
Where all have a living faith in God—
One, Loving Father, Lord of all—
Where ghosts, genii and spirits dark
hold no sway over men's minds;
Where love, service and charity
is the simple and supreme rule of life;
Where lands are vast and all have room to live;
Where food and fruit and milk abundant
And all the good things of life, are shared by all;
Where all have enough to eat, and none too
much;
Where none covet and steal their neighbours'
goods,
None beg, none dispute, none envy;
Where all have work to do and none are idle,
And those who work have time
for play and study, song and fun;
Where all are happy, and children do not cry;
Where women are respected as goddesses divine;
Where daughters are loved as dearly as the sons;
Where none is a widow;
Where disease and ugliness and evil ways of life
do not stunt and warp the growth of men;
Where wars are unknown, and the skies serene
do not rain down poison gas and savage death;
Where dwellings are clean and gardens lovely;
Where none suffer from want and fear;—
To that City Beautiful,
Ferryman, lead me and my countrymen!

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